

(IX.)

THE
SIEGE
OF
RHODES:

The First and Second Part;

As they were lately Represented at His Highness
the Duke of YORK'S Theatre in *Lincolns-Inne*
Fields.

The First Part being lately Enlarg'd.

Written by
Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop,
at the Sign of the *Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the
New Exchange. 1670.

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Written by
SEYMOUR DUNSTON.

AND NOW
Printed for Henry Sturges, and are to be sold at the Shop
at the Sign of the Anchor, in the lower Walk of the
New Exchange, 167.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The EARL of
CLARENDON

Lord High Chancellor of England, &c.

MY LORD,

THough Poems have lost much of their Ancient value, yet I will presume to make this a Present to your Lordship; and the rather, because Poems (if they have any thing precious in them) do, like Jewels, attract a greater esteem when they come into the possession of great Persons, than when they are in ordinary hands.

The excuse which men have had for dedication of Books, has been to protect them from the malice of Readers: but a defence of this nature was fitter for your forces, when you were early known to Learned men (and had no other occasion for your abilities, but to vindicate Authors) than at this Season when you are of extraordinary use to the whole Nation.

Yet when I consider how many and how violent they are who persecute Dramatick Poetry, I will then rather call this a *Dedication* than a *Present*; as not intending by it to pass any kind of obligation, but to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

receive a great benefit; since I cannot be safe unless I am shelter'd behind your Lordship.

Your name is so eminent in the Justice which you convey through all the different Members of this great Empire, that my *Rhodians* seem to enjoy a better Harbour in the *Pacificque Thames*, than they had on the *Mediterranean*; and I have brought *Solyman* to be arraign'd at your Tribunal, where you are the Censor of his civility and magnificence.

Dramatick Poetry meets with the same persecution now, from such who esteem themselves the most refin'd and civil, as it ever did from the Barbarous. And yet whilst those vertuous Enemies deny *heroique Plays* to the Gentry, they entertain the People with a Seditious *Farce* of their own counterfeit Gravity. But I hope you will not be unwilling to receive (in this Poetical dress) neither the Besieg'd nor the Besiegers, since they come without their vices: for as others have purg'd the Stage from corruptions of the Art of the Drama, so I have endeavour'd to cleanse it from the corruption of manners; nor have I wanted care to render the *Ideas* of Greatness and Vertue pleasing and familiar.

In old *Rome* the Magistrates did not only protect but exhibit Plays; and, not long since, the two wise *Cardinals* did kindly entertain the great Images represented in Tragedy by *Monsieur Corneille*. My Lord, it proceeds from the same mind, not to be pleas'd with Princes on the Stage, and not to affect them in the Throne; for those are ever most inclin'd to break the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Mirrour, who are unwilling to see the Images of such as have just authority over their guilt.

In this Poem I have reviv'd the remembrance of that desolation which was permitted by Christian Princes when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of Religions (begot by the factions of Learning) in *Germany*; whilst those who would never admit Learning into their Empire (lest it should meddle with Religion and intangle it with Controversie) did make *Rhodes* defenceless; which was the only fortify'd Academy in Christendom where Divinity and Arms were equally profess'd. I have likewise, for variety, softened the Martial Encounters between *Solyman* and the *Rhodians*, with intermingling the conjugal vertues of *Alphonso* and *Ianthe*.

If I should proceed, and tell your Lordship of what use Theatres have anciently been, and may be now, by heightening the Characters of Valour, Temperance, Natural Justice, and Complacency to Government, I should fall into the ill manners and indiscretion of ordinary Dedicators, who go about to instruct those from whose abilities they expect protection. The apprehension of this error makes me hasten to crave pardon for what has been already said by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordships most humble and

most obedient Servant

Will. D'avenant.

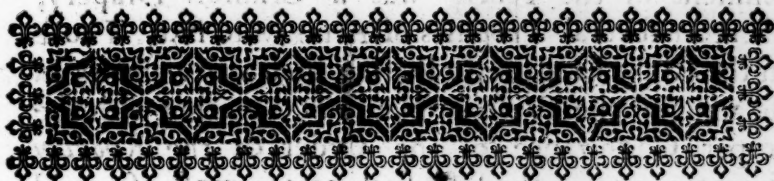
The Persons represented.

<i>Solyman</i>	The Magnificent.
<i>Pirrhus</i>	Vizier Bassa.
<i>Mustapha</i>	Bassa.
<i>Rustan</i>	Bassa.
<i>Haly</i>	Eunuch Bassa.
<i>Villerius</i>	Grand Master of Rhodes.
<i>Alphonso</i>	A Sicilian Duke.
<i>Admiral</i>	Of Rhodes.
<i>High Marshal</i>	Of Rhodes.
<i>Roxolana</i>	Wife to <i>Solyman</i> .
<i>Ianthe</i>	Wife to <i>Alphonso</i> .
<i>Women</i>	Attendants to <i>Roxolana</i> .
<i>Women</i>	Attendants to <i>Ianthe</i> .
<i>Four Pages</i>	Attendants to <i>Roxolana</i> .

The Scene,

RHODES.

THE



THE
SIEGE
OF
RHODES.

THE Ornament which encompass'd the Scene, consisted of several Columns, of gross Rustick work ; which bore up a large Freese. In the middle of the Freese was a Compartment, wherein was written RHODES. The Compartment was supported by divers Habili-ments of War ; intermix'd with the Military Ensigns of those several Nations who were famous for defence of that Island ; which were the *French, Germans, and Spaniards, the Italians, Avergnois, and English* : The Renown of the English Valour, made the Grand Master *Villerius*, to select their Station to be most frequently commanded by himself. The principal enrichment

richment of the Freese was a Crimson Drapery, whereon several Trophies of Arms were fixt, . Those on the Right hand, representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the Western Nations; together with the proper Cognizance of the Order of the *Rhodian* Knights; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the Eastern Countries; and on an Antique Shield the Crescent of the *Ottomans*.

The Scene before the First Entry

THe Curtain being drawn up, a lightsom Sky appear'd, discov'ring a Maritime Coast, full of craggy Rocks, and high Cliffs, with several Verdure naturally growing upon such Situations; and afar off the true Prospect of the City of RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate; with so much view of the Gardens and Hills about it, as the narrowness of the Room could allow the Scene. In that part of the Horizon, terminated by the Sea, was represented the *Turkish* Fleet, making towards a Promontory, some few miles distant from the Town.

The

The Siege of RHODES.

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The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Musick.

The First Entry.

Enter Admiral.

Admir.

Arm, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm!
Thou hast no leisure to grow old;
Those now must feel thy courage warm,
Who think thy blood is cold.

Enter *Villerius*.

Viller. Our Admiral from Sea?

What storm transporteth thee?
Or bring'st thou storms that can do more
Than drive An Admiral on shore?

Admir. Arm, Arm, the *Bassa's* Fleet appears;
To *Rhodes* his Course from *Chios* steers;
Her shady Wings to distant fight,
Spread like the Curtains of the Night.
Each Squadron thicker and still darker grows;
The Fleet like many floating Forests shows.

Viller. Arm, Arm,! Let our Drums beat
To all our Out-Guards, a Retreat;
And to our Main-Guards add
Files double lin'd from the Parade,
Send Horse to drive the Fields;
Prevent what rip'ning Summer yields.
To all the Foe would save
Set fire, or give a secret Grave.

Admir. I'll to our Gallies hast,
Untackle ev'ry Mast;
Hale 'em within the Peer,
To range and chain 'em there,
And then behind St. *Nic'las* Cliffs
Shelter our Brigants, Land our Skiffs.

B

Viller.

The Stage of RHODES.

viller. Our Field and Bulwark-Cannon mount with hast;
Fix to their Blocks their brazen bodies fast:
Whilst to their Foest their Iron Entrails fly:
Display our Colours, raise our Standard high! *Exit. Adm.*

Enter Alphonso.

Alphon. What various Noises do mine ears invade?
And have a Consort of confusion made?
The shriller Trumpet, and Tempestuous Drum:
The deafning clamor from the Cannons womb;
Which through the Air like sudden Thunder breaks,
Seems calm to Souldiers shouts, and Womens shrieks.
What danger (Rev'rend Lord) does this portend?

viller. Danger begins what must in Honour end.

Alphon. What Vizards does it wear?

viller. Such, gentle Prince,
As cannot fright, but yet must warn you hence.
What can to *Rhodes* more fatally appear
Than the bright Crescents which those Ensigns wear?
Wise Emblems that encreasing Empire show;
Which must be still in Nonage and still grow.
All these are yet but the fore-running *Van*
Of the Prodigious *Cross* of *Solyman*.

Alphon. Pale shew those Crescents to our bloody Cross;
Sink not the Western Kingdoms in our loss?
Will not the *Austrian* Eagle moult her Wings,
That long hath hover'd o're the *Gallick* Kings?
Whose Lillies too will wither when we fade;
And th' English Lyon shrink into a shade.

viller. Thou see'st not, whilst so young and guileless too,
That Kings mean seldome what their States-men do;
Who measure not the compass of a Crown
To fit the Head that wears it, but their own;
Still hind'ring peace, because they Stewards are,
Without account, to that wild Spender, War.

Enter

The Siege of RHODES.

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Enter High Marshal of Rhodes.

Mar. Still Christian Wars they will pursue, and boast
Unjust successes gain'd, whilst *Rhodes* is lost:
Whilst we build Monuments of Death, to shame
Those who forsook us in the Chase of Fame.

Alphon. We will endure the Colds of Court-delays;
Honour grows warm in Airy Vests of Praise.
On Rocky *Rhodes* we will like Rocks abide.

Viller. Away, away, and hasten to thy Bride!
'Tis scarce a Month since from thy Nuptial Rites
Thou cam'st to honour here our *Rhodian* Knights:
To dignifie our sacred annual Feast:
We love to Lodge, not entomb a Guest.
Honour must yield, where Reason should prevail.
Abroad, Abroad, and hoise up ev'ry Sail
That gathers any Wind for *Sicilie*!

Mar. Men lose their Virtu's Pattern, losing thee.
Thy Bride doth yield her Sex no less a Light,
But, thy life gone, will set in endless Night.
Ye must like Stars shine long ere ye expire.

Alphon. Honour is colder Virtue set on fire:
My Honour lost, her Love would soon decay:
Here for my Tomb or Triumph I will stay.
My Sword against proud *Solyman* I draw,
His curst Prophet, and his sensual Law.

Chorus. Our Swords against proud *Solyman* we draw,
His curst Prophet, and his sensual Law.

Exeunt.

Enter *Ianthe*, *Melofile*, *Madina* (her two Women) bearing two open Caskets with Jewels.

Ianth. To *Rhodes* this fatal Fleet her course does bear.
Can I have Love, and not discover Fear?
When he, in whom my plighted heart doth live
(Whom *Hymen* gave me in reward
Of vows, which he with favour heard,

And is the greatest Gift hee're can give)
 Shall in a cruel Siege imprison'd be,
 And I, whom Love has bound, have liberty?
 Away! Let's leave our flourishing abodes
 In *Sicily*, and fly to with'ring *Rhodes*.

Melo. Will you convert to Instruments of War,
 To things which to our Sex so dreadful are,
 Which terrour add to Death's detested face,
 These Ornaments which should your Beauty grace?

Mad. Beauty laments! and this exchange abhors!

Shall all these Gems in Arms be spent

Which were by Bounteous Princes sent

To pay the Valour of your Ancestors?

Ianth. If by their sale my Lord may be redeem'd,
 Why should they more than trifles be esteem'd,
 Vainly secur'd with Iron Bars and Locks?

They are the Spawn of Shells, and Warts of Rocks.

Mad. All Madam, all? Will you from all depart?

Ianth. Love a Consumption learns from Chymists Art.
 Saphyrs, and harder Di'monds must be sold
 And turn'd to softer and more current Gold.
 With Gold we curst Powder may prepare,
 Which must consume in smoak and thinner Air.

Melo. Thou Idol-Love, I'll worship thee no more,
 Since thou dost make us sorrowful and poor.

Ianth. Go seek out Cradles, and with Child-hood dwell;

Where you may still be free

From Loves Self-Flattery,

And never hear mistaken Lovers tell
 Of blessings, and of joys in such extreams
 As never are possesst but in our Dreams.

They woo apace, and hasten to be sped;
 And praise the quiet of the Marriage-bed:
 But mention not the Storms of grief and care

When Love does them surprize

With sudden Jealousies,

Or they are sever'd by ambitious War.

Mad. Love may perhaps the Foolish please:

The Siege of RHODES.

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But he shall quickly leave my heart
When he persuades me to depart
From such a hord of precious things as these.

Ianth. Send out to watch the Wind! with the first Gal
I'll leave thee *Sicilie*; and, hoysing Sail,
Steer strait to *Rhodes*. For Love and I must be
Preserv'd (*Alphonso*!) or else lost with thee.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

By Souldiers of several Nations.

1. Come ye Termagant *Turks*,
If your *Bassa* dares Land ye,
Whilst the Wine bravely works
Which was brought us from *Candy*.
2. Wealth, the least of our care is,
For the poor ne'r are undone;
Avous, Monsieur of *Paris*,
To the Back-swords of *London*.
3. *Diego*, thou, in a trice,
Shalt advance thy lean Belly;
For their Hens and their Rice
Make *Pillau* like a Jelly.
4. Let 'em Land fine and free;
For my Cap though an old one,
Such a Turbant shall be,
Thou wilt think it a Gold one.
5. It is seven to one odds
They had safer Sail'd by us:
Whilst our Wine lasts in *Rhodes*,
They shall water at *Chios*.

End of the first Entry.

The

The Siege of RHODES.

The Scene is chang'd, and the City, Rhodes, appears beleaguerr'd at Sea and Land.

The Entry is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.

The Second Entry.

Enter *Villerius* and *Admiral*.

Admir. **T**He Blood of *Rhodes* grows cold: Life must expire!
Viller. The Duke still warms it with his valours fire!

Admir. If he has much in Honours presence done,
Has sav'd our Ensigns, or has others won,
Then he but well by your Example wrought;
Who well in Honours School his Child-hood taught.

Viller. The Foe three Moons tempestuously has spent
Where we will never yield, nor he relent;
Still we, but raise what must be beaten down;
Defending Walls, yet cannot keep the Town;
Vent'ring last stakes where we can nothing win;
And, shutting slaughter out, keep Famine in.

Admir. How oft and vainly *Rhodes* for succor waits
From triple Diadems, and Scarlet Hats?

Rome keeps her Gold, cheaply her Warriours pays,
At first with Blessings, and at last with Praise.

Viller. By Armies, stow'd in Fleets, exhausted *Spain*
Leaves half her Land unplough'd, to plough the Main;
And still would more of the old World subdue,
As if unsatisfi'd with all the New.

Admir. *France* strives to have her Lillies grow as fair
In other Realms as where they Native are.

Viller. The *English* *Lyon* ever loves to change
His Walks, and in remoter Forests range.

Chorus. All gaining vainly from each others loss;
Whilst still the *Crescent* drives away the *Cross*.

Enter

The Siege of RHODES.

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Enter *Alphonso*.

Alphon. 1. How bravely fought the fiery *French*,
Their Bulwark being storm'd?
The colder *Almans* kept their Trench,
By more than Valour warm'd.

2. The grave *Italians* paus'd and fought,
The solemn *Spaniards* too;
Study'ng more Deaths than could be wrought
By what the rash could do.

3. Th' *Avergnian* Colours high were rais'd,
Twice tane, and twice reliev'd.
Our Foes, like Friends to Valour, prais'd
The mischiefs they receiv'd.

4. The cheerful *English* got renown;
Fought merrily and fast:
'Tis time, they cry'd, to mow them down,
Wars Harvest cannot last.

5. If Death be Rest, here let us dye,
Where weariness is all
We daily get by Victory,
Who must by Famine fall.

6. Great *Solyman* is landed now;
All Fate he seems to be;
And brings those Tempests in his Brow
Which he deserv'd at Sea.

Viller. He can at most but once prevail,
Though arm'd with Nations that were brought by more
Gross Gallies then would serve to hale
This Island to the *Lycian* shore.

Adm. Let us apace do worthily and give

Our

The Siege of RHODES.

Our Story length, though long we cannot live.

Chorus. So greatly do, that being dead,

Brave wonders may be wrought

By such as shall our story read

And study how we fought.

Exeunt.

Enter Solymán, Pirrhús.

Soly. What sudden halt hath stay'd thy swift Renown,
O're-running Kingdoms, stopping at a Town?

He that will win the Prize in Honours Race,

Must nearer to the Goal still mend his pace;

If Age thou feel'st, the active Camp forbear;

In sleepy Cities rest; the Caves of fear.

Thy mind was never valiant, if, when old,

Thy Courage cools because thy blood is cold.

Pirrhús. How can ambitious Manhood be exprest

More then by marks of our disdain of Rest?

What less than toys incessant can, despite

Of Cannon, raise these Mounts to Castle-height?

Or less than utmost or unwearied strength

Can draw these Lines of batt'ry to that length?

Soly. The toils of Ants, and Mole-hills rais'd, in scorn

Of Labour, to be levell'd with a spurn.

These are the *Pyramids* that shew your pains;

But of your Armies valour, where remains

One *Trophy* to excuse a *Bassa's* boast?

Pir. Valour may reckon what she bravely lost;

Not from successes all her count does raise:

By life well lost we gain a share of praise.

If we in dangers Glass all Valour see,

And Death the farthest step of danger be,

Behold our Mount of Bodies made a Grave;

And prize our loss by what we scorn'd to save.

Soly. Away! range all the Camp for an Assault!

Tell them, they tread in Graves whomake a halt.

Fat Slaves, who have been lull'd to a Disease;

Cramm'd out of breath, and crippled by their ease!

Whose

The Siege of RHODES.

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Whose active Fathers leapt o're Walls too high
For them to climb : Hence from my anger fly :
Which is too worthy for thee, being mine,
And must be quench'd by *Rhodian* blood or thine.

Exit Pirrhus, bowing.

In Honour's Orb the Christians shine ;
Their light in War does still increase ;
Though oft misled by mists of Wine,
Or blinder love, the Crime of Peace.
Bold in Adult'ries frequent change ;
And ev'ry loud expensive Vice ;
Ebbing out wealth by ways as strange
As it flow'd in by avarice.
Thus vilely they dare live, and yet dare dye.
If Courage be a vertue, 'tis allow'd
But to those few on whom our Crowns rely,
And is condemn'd as madness in the Crowd.

Enter Mustapha, in the veil'd.

Musta. Great Sultan, Hail ! though here at Land
Lost Fools in opposition stand ;
Yet thou at Sea dost all command.

Soly. What is it thou wouldst shew, and yet dost shrowd ?

Musta. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud ;
A Wealth more worth then all the Sea doeshide ;
Or Courts display in their triumphant pride.

Soly. Thou seem'st to bring the daughter of the Night ;
And giv'st her many stars to make her bright.
Dispatch my wonder and relate her story.

Musta. 'Tis full of Fate, and yet ha's much of glory.
A Squadron of our Gallies that did ply
West from this Coast, met two of *Sicily*,
Both fraught to furnish *Rhodes*, we gave 'em chase,
And had, but for our Number, met disgrace.
For, grapling, they maintain'd a bloody Fight,
Which did begin with Day and end with Night.
And though this bashful Lady then did wear

C

Her

The Siege of RHODES.

Her Face still vail'd, her valour did appear :
 She urg'd their courage when they boldly Fought,
 And many shun'd the dangers, which she sought.

Soly. Where are the limits thou would'st set for praise ?
 Or to what height wilt thou thy wonder raise ?

Musta. This is *Ianthe*, the *Sicilian* Flower,
 Sweeter then Buds unfolded in a flower,
 Brideto *Alphonso*, who in *Rhodes* so long
 The Theme has been of each Heroick Song ;
 And she for his relief those Gallies fraught ;
 Both stow'd with what her Dow'r and Jewels bought ;

Soly. O wond'rous vertue of a Christian Wife !
 Adven'tring lifes support, and then her Life
 To save her ruin'd Lord ! bid her unvail ! *Ianthe* steps back...

Ianthe. It were more honour, Sultan, to assail
 A publick strength against thy forces bent ;
 Then to unwall this private Tenement,
 To which no Monarch, but my Lord, has right ;
 Nor will it yield to Treaty or to Might :
 Where Heav'n's great Law defends him from surprise :
 This Curtain onely opens to his eyes.

Soly. If Beauty vail'd so vertuous be,
 'Tis more then Christian Husbands know ;
 Whose Ladies wear their Faces free,
 Which they to more then Husbands show.

Ianthe. Your Bassa swore, and by his dreadful Law,
 None but my Lords dear hand this Vail should draw ;
 And that to *Rhodes* I should conducted be,
 To take my share of all his destiny :

Else I had quickly found
 Sure means to get some wound,
 Which would in deaths cold Arms
 My honour instant safety give
 From all those rude Alarms

Which keep it waking whilst I live.
Soly. Hast thou engag'd our Prophets plight :
 To keep her Beauty from my sight,
 And to conduct her Person free

The Siege of RHODES.

13

To harbour with mine Enemy?

Musa. Vertue constrain'd the priviledge I gave:
Shall I for sacred Vertue pardon crave?

Soly. I envy not the conquests of thy sword:

Thrive still in Wicked War;

But, Slave, how did'st thou dare,

In vertuous Love, thus to transcend thy Lord?

Thou did'st thy utmost vertue show:

Yet somewhat more does rest,

Not yet by thee exprest;

Which vertue left for me to do.

Thou great example of a Christian Wife,

Enjoy thy Lord, and give him happy Life.

Thy Gallies with their freight,

For which the hungry wait,

Shall strait to *Rhodes* conducted be;

And as thy passage to him shall be free,

So both may safe return to *Sicilie*.

Ianthe. May *Solyman* be ever far

From impious honours of the War;

Since worthy to receive renown

From things repair'd, not overthrown.

And when in peace his vertue thrives,

Let all the race of Loyal Wives

Sing this his bounty to his glory,

And teach their Princes by his story:

Of which, if any Victors be,

Let them, because he conquer'd me,

Strip cheerfully each others Brow,

And at his feet their Laurel throw.

Soly. Strait to the Port her Gallies steer;

Then hale the Centry at the Peer.

And though our Flags ne'r use to bow,

They shall do Vertue Homage now.

Give Fire still as she passes by,

And let our Streamers lower fly.

Exeunt several ways

*The Siege of RHODES.**Chorus of Women.*

1. **L** Et us live, live ! for being dead,
 The pretty Spots,
 Ribbands and Knots,
 And the fine French dress for the Head;
 No Lady wears upon her
 In the cold, cold, Bed of Honour.
 Beat down our Grottoes, and hew down our Bowers,
 Dig up our Arbours, and root up our Flowers.
 Our Gardens are Bulwarks and Bastions become:
 Then hang up our Lutes, we must sing to the Drum.

2. Our Patches and our Curls
 (So exact in each station)
 Our Powders and our Purls
 Are now out of fashion.
 Hence with our Needles, and give us your Spades;
 We, that were Ladies, grow coorse as our Maids.
 Our Coaches have drove us to Balls at the Court,
 We now must drive Barrows to earth up the Port.

The End of the Second Entry.

The Further part of the Scene is open'd, and a Royal Pavilion appears display'd; Representing *Solyman's* Imperial Throne; and about it are discern'd the Quarters of his *Bassas*, and Inferiour Officers.

*The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Musick.***The Third Entry.***Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.*

Solyman. **P**irrhus, Draw up our Army wide!
 Then from the Gros two strong Reserves divide;
 And

The Siege of RHODES.

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And spread the Wings;
As if we were to Fight,
In the lost *Rhodians* fight,
With all the Western Kings!
Each Wing with *Janizaries* line;
The Right and Left to *Haly's* Sons assign;
The *Gross* to *Zangiban*.
The Main Artillery
With *Mustapha* shall be:
Bring thou the *Rear*; we lead the *Van*.
Pirrhus. It shall be done as early as the Dawn;
As if the Figure by thy hand were drawn.
Musta. We wish that we to ease thee, could prevent
All thy Commands, by guessing thy intent.
Soly. These *Rhodians*, who of Honour boast,
A loss excuse, when bravely lost:
Now they may bravely lose their *Rhodes*,
Which never play'd against such odds.
To morrow let them see our strength, and weep
Whilst they their want of losing blame;
Their valiant folly strives too long to keep
What might be render'd without shame.
Pirrhus. 'Tis well our valiant Prophet did
In us not only loss forbid,
But has conjoyn'd us still to get.
Empire must move apace,
When she begins the Race,
And after is for Wings than Feet.
Musta. They vainly interrupt our speed,
And civil Reason lack,
To know they should go back
When we determine to proceed.
Pirrhus. When to all *Rhodes* our Army does appear,
Shall we then make a sudden halt,
And give a general Assault?
Soly. *Pirrhus* not yet, *Ianthe* being there:
Let them our valour, by our Mercy prize.
The respite of this day.

To

The Siege of RHODES.

To vertuous Love shall pay
 A debt long due for all my Victories.
Must. If vertuous Beauty can attain such grace
 Whilst she a Captive was, and hid,
 What wisdom can his Love forbid
 When Vertue's free, and Beauty shews her Face?
Soly. Dispatch a Trumpet to the Town;
 Summon *Ianthe* to be gone
 Safe with her Lord. When both are free
 And in their Course to *Sicily*,
 Then *Rhodes* shall for that valour mourn
 Which stops the hast of our return.

Pirrhus. Those that in *Grecian* Quaries wrought,
 And Pioneers from *Lycia* brought,
 Who like a Nation in a throng appear,
 So great their number is, are landed here:
 Where shall they work?

Soly. Upon *Philermus* Hill.
 There, ere this moon her Circle fills with days,
 They shall, by punish'd sloth and cherish'd skill,
 A spacious Palace in a Castle raise:
 A Neighbourhood within the *Rhodians* view;
 Where, if my anger cannot them subdue,
 My patience shall out-wait them, whilst they long
 Attend to see weak Princes make them strong:
 There I'll grow old, and dye too, if they have
 The secret Art to fast me to my Grave.

Exeunt.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Alphonso*, *Ianthe*.

Vill. **W**hen we, *Ianthe*, would this act commend,
 We know no more how to begin
 Than we should do, if we were in,
 How suddenly to make an end.

Adm. What Love was yours which these strong bars of Fate
 Were all too weak to separate?

Which

The Siege of RHODES.

17

Which seas and storms could not divide,
Nor all the dreadful *Turkish* pride?

Which pass'd secure, though not unseen,
Even double guards of Death that lay between.

Vill. What more could Honour for fair Vertue do?
What could *Alphonsò* venture more for you?

Adm. With wonder and with shame we must confess
All we our selves can do for *Rhodes*, is less.

Vill. Nor did your Love and Courage act alone.
Your Bounty too has no less wonders done.
And for our Guard you have brought wisely down
A Troop of Vertues to defend the Town:
The only Troop that can a Town defend,
Which Heav'n before for ruine did intend.

Adm. Look here ye Western Monarchs, look with shame,
Who fear not a remote, though common Foe;
The Cabinet of one illustrious Dame
Does more than your Exchequers joyn'd did do.

Alphon. Indeed I think, *Ianthe*, few
So young and flourishing as you,
Whose Beauties might so well adorn
The Jewels which by them are worn,
Did ever Musquets for them take,
Nor of their Pearls did Bullets make.

Ianthe. When you, my Lord, are shut up here,
Expence of treasure must appear
So far from bounty, that, alas!
It covetous advantage was:
For with small cost I sought to save
Even all the Treasure that I have.

Who would not all her trifling Jewels give,
Which but from Number can their worth derive,
If she could purchase or redeem with them
One great inestimable Gem?

Adm. Oh ripe perfection in a brest so young!

Vill. Vertue has tun'd her heart, and Wit her tongue.

Adm. Though *Rhodes* no pleasure can allow
I dare secure the safety of it now;

ALL

The Siege of RHODES.

All will so labour to save you,
As that will save the City too.

Ianthe. Alas! the utmost I have done
More than a just reward has won,
If by my Lord and you it be but thought,
I had the care to serve him as I ought.

Vill. Brave Duke farewell, the Scouts for Orders wait,
And the Parade does fill.

Alph. Great Master, I'll attend your pleasure strait,
And strive to serve your will. *Exeunt Vill. Adm.*

Ianthe after all this praise
Which Fame so fully to you pays,
For that which all the world beside
Admires you, I alone must chide.
Are you that kind and virtuous Wife,
Who thus expose your Husband's Life?
The hazards, both at Land and Sea,
Through which so boldly thou hast run,
Did more assault and threaten me
Than all the Sultan could have done.
Thy dangers, could I them have seen,
Would not to me have dangers been,
But certain death: Now thou art here
A danger worse than death I fear.
Thou hast, *Ianthe*, honour won,
But mine, alas, will be undone:
For as thou valiant wer't for me,
I shall a Coward grow for thee.

Ianthe. Take heed *Alphonso*, for this care of me,
Will to my Fame injurious be;
Your love will brighter by it shine,
But it eclipses mine.

Since I would here before, or with you fall,
Death needs but becken when he means to call.

Alphon. *Ianthe*, even in this you shall command,
And this my strongest passion guide;
Your vertue will not be deny'd:
It could even *Solyman* himself withstand;

The Siege of RHODES.

19

To whom it did so beauteous show :
It seem'd to civilize a barb'rous Foe.

Of this your strange escape, *Ianthe*, say,
Briefly the motive and the way.

Ianthe. Did I not tell you how we fought,
How I was taken, and how brought
Before great *Solyman* ? but there
I think we interrupted were.

Alphon. Yes, but we will not be so here,
Should *Solyman* himself appear.

Ianthe. It seems that what the Bassa of me said,
Had some respect and admiration bred
In *Solyman* ; and this to me increast
The jealousies which Honour did suggest.
All that of *Turks* and *Tyrants* I had heard,
But that I fear'd not Death, I should have fear'd.
I, to excuse my Voyage, urg'd my Love
To your high worth ; which did such pity move,
That straight his usage did reclaim my fear ;
He seem'd in civil *France*, and Monarch there :
For soon my Person, Gallies, Freight, were free
By his command.

Alphon. O wondrous Enemy !

Iant. These are the smallest gifts his bounty knew.

Alph. What could he give you more ?

Iant. He gave me you ;

And you may homewards now securely go
Through all his Fleet.

Alph. But Honour says not so.

Iant. If that forbid it, you shall never see
That I and that will disagree :
Honour will speak the same to me.

Alph. This Christian Turk amazes me, my Dear !
How long, *Ianthe*, stay'd you there ?

Ianthe. Two days with *Mustapha*.

Alph. How do you say ?

Two days, and two whole nights ? alas !

Ianthe. That it, my Lord, no longer was,

D

Is

The Siege of RHODES

Is such a mercy, as too long I stay,

E're at the Altar thanks to Heav'n I pay.

Alph. To Heav'n, Confession should prepare the way.

Exit Iantbe.

She is all Harmony, and fair as light,

But brings me discord, and the Clouds of night.

And *Solyman* does think Heav'n's joys to be

In Women not so fair as she.

'Tis strange! Dismiss so fair an Enemy!

She was his own by right of War,

We are his Dogs, and such as she, his Angels are.

O wondrous Turkish chastity!

Her Gallies, freight, and those to send

Into a Town which he would take!

Are we besieg'd then by a friend?

Could Honour such a Present make,

Then when his Honour is at stake?

Against it self, does Honour booty play?

We have the liberty to go away!

Strange above miracle! But who can say

If in his hands we once should be

What would become of her? For what of me,

Though Love is blind, ev'n Love may see.

Come back my thoughts, you must not rove!

For sure *Iantbe* does *Alphonso* Love!

Oh *Solyman*, this mystique act of thine,

Does all my quiet undermine:

But on thy Troops, if not on Thee,

This Sword my cure, and my revenge shall be.

Exit.

Enter *Roxolana*, *Pirrhus*, *Rustan*.

Rust. You come from Sea as *Venus* came before;
And seem that Goddess, but mistake her shore.

Pirrh. Her Temple did in fruitful *Cyprus* stand;
The *Sultan* wonders why in *Rhodes* you Land.

Rust. And by your sudden Voyage he doth fear
The Tempest of your Passion drove you here.

Roxol.

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Roxol. Ruflan, I bring more wonder than I find;
And it is more than humour bred that Wind
Which with a forward Gale
Did make me hither sail.

Rust. He does your forward Jealousie reprove.

Roxol. Yet Jealousie does spring from too much Love;
If mine be Guilty of excess,
I dare pronounce it shall grow less.

Pirrh. You boldly threaten more than we dare hear.

Roxol. That which you call your Duty is your fear.

Rust. We have some Valour or our wounds are feign'd.

Roxol. What has your Valour from the *Rhodians* gain'd?
Unless *Ianthe*, as a prize, you boast;
Who now has got that heart which I have lost.
Brave conquest, where the Takers self is taken!

And, as a Present, I

Bring vainly, ere I dye,

That heart to him which he has now forsaken.

Rust. Whispers of Eunuchs, and by Pages brought
To *Licia*, you have up to Story wrought.

Roxol. Lead to the *Sultan's* Tent! *Pirrhus*, away!
For I dare hear what he himself dares say.

Chorus

Of Men and Women.

Men. **Y**E wives all that are, and wives would be,
Unlearn all ye learnt here, of one another,
And all ye have learnt of an Aunt or a Mother:
Then strait hither come, a new Pattern to see,
Which in a good humour kind fortune did send;

A Glass for your minds; as well as your Faces:

Make haste then and break your own Looking-glasses;
If you see but your selves, you'll never amend.

Women. You that will teach us what your Wives ought to do,
Take heed; there's a Pattern in Town too for you.

Be you but *Alphonso*, and we

Perhaps *Ianthes* will be.

D 2

Men.

The Siege of RHODES.

Men. Be you but *Ianthes*, and we
Alphensos a while will be.

Both. Let both sides begin then, rather than neither;
Let's both joyn our hands, and both mend together.

End of the Third Entry.

The Scene is vary'd to the Prospect of Mount *Phileremus*:
Artificers appearing at work about that Castle which was
there, with wonderful expedition, erected by *Solyman*.
His great Army is discovered in the Plain below, drawn up
in *Battalia*, as if it were prepar'd for a general Assault.

The Entry is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.

The Fourth Entry.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Mustapha*.

Soly. **R**Efuse my Pass-port, and resolve to dye;
Only for fashions sake, for company?

Oh costly scruples! But I'll try to be,
Thou stubborn Honour, obstinate as thee.
My Pow'r thou shalt not vanquish by thy will,
I will enforce to live whom thou would'st kill.

Pirrhus. They into morrows storm will change their mind,
Then, though too late instructed, they shall find,
That those who your protection dare reject
No humane Power dares venture to protect.
They are not Foes, but Rebels, who withstand
The pow'r that does their Fate command.

Soly. Oh *Mustapha*, our strength we measure ill,
We want the half of what we think we have;
For we enjoy the Beast-like pow'r to kill,
But not the God-like pow'r to save.

Who laughs at Death, laughs at our highest Pow'r;
The valiant man is his own Emperour.

Musta.

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Musta. Your pow'r to save, you have to them made known,
Who scorn'd it with ingrateful pride;
Now, how you can destroy, must next be shown;
And that the Christian world has try'd.

Soly. 'Tis such a single pair
As only equal are

Unto themselves; but many steps above
All others who attempt to make up Love.
Their Lives will noble History afford,
And must adorn my Scepter, not my Sword.
My strength in vain has with their virtue strove;
In vain their Hate would overcome my Love.
My favours I'll compel them to receive:
Go *Mustapha*, and strictest Orders give,
Through all the Camp, that in Assault they spare
(And in the Sack of this presumptuous Town)
The lives of these two strangers, with a care
Above the preservation of their own.

Alphonso has so oft his courage shown,
That he to all but Cowards must be known.

Ianthe is so fair that none can be
Mistaken amongst thousands, which is she.

The Scene returns to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter *Alphonso*, *Ianthe*.

Ianthe. *Alphonso*, Now the danger grows so near,
Give her that loves you, leave to fear.
Nor do I blush, this passion to confess,
Since it for object has no less
Than even your liberty, or life;
I fear not as a Woman, but a Wife.
We were too proud no use to make
Of *Solyman's* obliging proffer;
For why should Honour scorn to take
What Honour's self does to it offer.

Alph.

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Alph. To be o'recome by his victorious Sword,
Will comfort to our fall afford ;
Our strength may yield to his ; but 'tis not fit
Our vertue should to his submit ;
In that, *Ianthe*, I must be

Advanc'd, and greater far than he.

Ianthe. Fighting with him who strives to be your friend,
You not with Vertue, but with Pow'r, contend.

Alph. Forbid it Heav'n, our friends should think that we
Did merit friendship from an Enemy.

Ianthe. He is a Foe to *Rhodes*, and not to you.

Alph. In *Rhodes* besieg'd, we must be *Rhodians* too.

Ianthe. 'Twas Fortune that engag'd you in this War.

Alph. 'Twas Providence! Heaven's Pris'ners here we are.

Ianthe. That Providence our Freedom does restore;
The hand that shut, now opens us the Door.

Alph. Had Heav'n that Pass-port for our freedom sent,
It would have chose some better Instrument
Than faithless *Solyman*.

Ianthe. O say not so!

To strike and wound the vertue of your Foe
Is cruelty, which War does not allow :
Sure he has better words deserv'd from you.

Alphon. From me, *Ianthe*, No ;
What he deserves from you, you best must know.

Ianthe. What means my Lord ?

Alphon. For I confess, I must
The poyson'd bounties of a Foe mistrust :

And when upon the Bait I look,
Though all seem fair, suspect the Hook.

Ianthe. He, though a Foe, is generous and true :
What he hath done, declares what he will do.

Alphon. He in two days your high esteem has won :
What he would do I know ; who knows what he has done ?
Done? Wicked Tongue, what hast thou said ? *Aside.*
What horrid falshood from thee fled ?

Oh, Jealousie (if Jealousie it be)
Would I had here an Asp instead of Thee!

Ianthe.

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Ianthe. Sure you are sick, your words, alas !
Gestures, and looks, distempers shew.

Alphon. *Ianthe*, you may safely pass ;
The Pass, no doubt, was meant to you.

Ianthe. He's jealous sure ; Oh, Vertue ! can it be ?
Have I for this serv'd Vertue faithfully ?

Alphonso-----

Alphon. Speak, *Ianthe*, and be free.

Ianthe. Have I deserv'd this change ?

Alphon. Thou do'st deserve
So much, that Emperours are proud to serve
The fair *Ianthe* ; and not dare

To hurt a Land whilst she is there.

Return (Renown'd *Ianthe*) safely home ;
And force thy passage with thine Eyes ;

To conquer *Rhodes* will be a prize

Less glorious than by thee to be o'recome.

But since he longs (it seems) so much to see,

And be posses'd of me,

Tell him, I shall not fly beyond his reach :
Would he could dare to meet me in the Breach.

Exit.

Ianthe. Tell him ! tell him ? Oh no, *Alphonso*, no.

Let never man thy weakness know ;

Thy sudden fall will be a shame

To Man's and Vertue's name.

Alphonso's false ! for what can falser be

Than to suspect that falshood dwells in me ?

Could *Solyman* both Life and Honour give ?

And can *Alphonso* me of both deprive ?

Of both *Alphonso* ; for believe

Ianthe will disdain to live

So long as to let others see

Thy true, and her imputed, infamy.

No more let Lovers think they can possess

More than a month of happiness.

We thought our hold of it was strong,

We thought our Lease of it was long :

But, now, that all may ever happy prove,

Let never any love.

And

And yet these troubles of my Love to me
 Shall shorter than the pleasures be.
 I'll till to morrow last; then the Assault
 Shall finish my misfortune and his fault.
 I to my Enemies shall doubly ow,
 For saving me before, for killing now.

Exit.

Enter Villerius, Admiral.

Adm. From out the Camp a valiant Christian Slave
 Escap'd, and to our Knights assurance gave
 That at the break of day
 Their Mine will play.

Vill. Oft *Martingus* struck and try'd the ground,
 And counter-digg'd, and has the hollows found:
 We shall prevent
 Their dire intent.

Where is the Duke, whose Valour strives to keep
Rhodes still awake, which else would dully sleep?

Adm. His Courage and his Reason is o'rethrown.

Vill. Thou sing'st the sad destruction of our Town.

Adm. I met him wild as all the winds,
 When in the Ocean they contest:
 And diligent suspicion finds
 He is with Jealousie possess'd.

Vill. That Arrow, once misdrawn, must ever rove.
 O weakness, sprung from mightiness of Love!
 O pity'd Crime!

Alphonso will be overthrown
 Unless we take this Ladder down,
 Where, though the Rounds are broke,
 He does himself provoke
 Too hastily to Climb.

Adm. Invisibly, as dreams, Fame's wings
 Fly every where;
 Hov'ring all day o're Palaces of Kings;
 At night she lodges in the people's ear:
 Already they perceive *Alphonso* wild,

And

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And the belov'd *Ianthe* griev'd.

Vill. Let us no more by Honour be beguil'd ;

This Town can never be reliev'd ;

Alphonso and *Ianthe* being lost,

Rhodes, thou dost cherish Life with too much cost !

Chorus. Away, unchain the Streets, unearth the Ports.

Pull down each Barracade

Which womens fears have made,

And bravely Sally out from all the Forts !

Drive back the Crescents, and advance the Cross,

Or sink all humane Empires in our loss !

Enter *Roxolana*, *Pirrhus*, *Rustan*, and two of her Women.

Roxol. Not come to see me e're th' Assault be past ?

Pir. He spoke it not in anger, but in haste.

Rust. If mighty *Solyman* be angry grown,

It is not with his Empress, but the Town.

Roxol. When stubborn *Rhodes* does him to anger move,

'Tis by detaining there what he does love.

Pir. He is resolv'd the City to destroy.

Rox. But more resolv'd *Ianthe* to enjoy.

Rust. T' avoid your danger cease your Jealousie.

Rox. Tell them of danger who do fear to dye.

Pir. None but your self dares threaten you with Death.

1. *Wom.* Do not your beauty blast with your own breath.

2. *Wom.* You lessen't in your own esteem

When of his Love you jealous seem.

1. *Wom.* And but a faded beauty make it

When you suspect he can forsake it.

2. *Wom.* Believe not, Empress, that you are decay'd,

For so you'l seem by jealous passion sway'd.

Rox. He follows passion, I pursue my Reason :

He loves the Traitor, and I hate the Treason.

E

Enter

The Siege of RHODES.

Enter *Haly*.

Haly. Our foes appear! Th' assault will strait begin. *{ Pirrhus,*
 They Sally out where we must enter in. *{ Rustan,*
Roxol. Let *Solyman* forget his way to Glory, *{ in Chorus.*
 Increase in Conquest and grow less in Story.

That honour which in vain
 His valour shrinks to gain,
 When from the *Rhodians* he *Lanthe* takes,
 Is lost in losing me whom he forsakes. *Excunt several ways.*

Chorus of *Wives*.

I.

1. **T**His cursed Jealousie, what is't?
2. 'Tis Love that has lost it self in a Mist.
3. 'Tis Love being frighted out of his wits.
4. 'Tis Love that has a Fever got;
 Love that is violently hot;
 But troubled with cold and trembling fits.
 'Tis yet a more unnatural evil: *(with a Devil.*
Chorus. 'Tis the God of Love, 'tis the God of Love, possess

2.

1. 'Tis rich corrupted Wine of Love,
 Which sharpest Vinegar does prove.
2. From all the sweet Flowers which might Honey make,
 It does a deadly Poyson bring.
3. Strange Serpent which it self doth sting!
4. It never can sleep, and dreams still awake.
5. It stuffs up the Marriage-bed with thorns.
Chorus. It gores it self, it gores it self, with imagin'd horns.

The End of the Fourth Entry.

The

The Scene is chang'd into a Representation of a general Assault given to the Town; the greatest fury of the Army being discern'd at the English Station.

The ENTRY is again prepared by Instrumental Musick.

The Fifth Entry.

Enter *Pirrhus*.

Pirrhus. **T**Raverse the Cannon! Mount the Batt'ries higher!
More Gabions, and renew the Blinds!
Like dust they Powder spend,
And to our faces send
The heat of all the Element of fire;
And to their Backs have all the winds.

Enter *Mustapha*.

Musta. More Ladders, and reliefs to scale!
The Fire-crooks are too short! Help, help to hale!
That Battlement is loose, and strait will down!
Point well the Cannon, and play fast!
Their fury is too hot to last.
That Rampire shakes, they fly into the Town.

Pirrhus. March up with those Reserves to that Redout!
Faint slaves! the *Janizaries* reel!
They bend, they bend! and seem to feel
The Terrours of a Rout.

Musta. Old *Zanger* halts, and re-inforcement lacks!

Pirrh. March on!

Musta. Advance those Pikes, and charge their Backs!

Enter *Solyman*.

Soly. Those Plat-forms are too low to reach!
Haste, haste! call *Haly* to the Breach!

Can my domestique *Janizaries* flye!
 And not adventure life for victory!
 Whose childhood with my Palace milk, I fed:
 Their youth, as if I were their Parent, bred.
 What is this Monster Death, that our poor Slaves,
 Still vex't with toyl, are loth to rest in Graves?

Musta. If life so precious be, why do not they,
 Who in War's trade can only live by prey,
 Their own afflicted lives expose
 To take the happier from their Foes?

Pirrh. Our Troops renew the Fight!

And those that sally'd out

To give the Rout,

Are now return'd in flight!

Solym. Follow, follow, follow, make good the Line!

In, *Pirrhus*, in! Look, we have sprung the Mine! *Exit Pirrhus.*

Musta. Those desp'rate *English* ne'r will fly!

Their firmness still does hinder others flight,

As if their Mistresses were by

To see and praise them whilst they fight.

Solym. That flame of valour in *Alphonso's* eyes,
 Outshines the light of all my Victories!

Those who were slain when they his Bulwark storm'd,

Contented fell,

As vanquish'd well;

Those who were left alive may now,

Because their valour is by his reform'd,

Hope to make others bow.

Musta. E're while I in the *English* station saw
 Beauty, that did my wonder forward draw,
 Whose valour did my Forces back disperse;
 Fairer than Woman, and than Man more fierce:
 It shew'd such courage as disdain'd to yield,
 And yet seem'd willing to be kill'd.

Solym. This Vision did to me appear:

Which mov'd my pity and my fear:

It had a Dress much like the Imag'rie

For Heroes drawn, and may *Ianthé* be.

Enter

The Siege of RHODES.

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Enter *Pirrhws*.

Pirrhws. Fall on! the English stoop when they give fire!
They seem to furl their Colours and retire!

Solyman. Advance! I only would the Honour have
To conquer two, whom I by force would save.

Enter *Alphonso* with his Sword drawn.

Alph. My Reason by my Courage is misled!

Why chase I those who would from dying flye,
Enforcing them to sleep amongst the dead,

Yet keep my self unslain that fain would dye?
Do not the Pris'ners whom we take declare

How *Solyman* proclaim'd through all his Host,
That they *Ianthe's* life and mine should spare?

Life ill preserv'd, is worse than basely lost.

Mine by dispatch of War he will not take,
But means to leave it lingering on the Rack;

That in his Palace I might live, and know
Her shame, and be afraid to call it so.

Tyrants and Devils think all pleasures vain,
But what are still deriv'd from others pain.

Enter *Admiral*.

Adm. Renown'd *Alphonso*, thou hast fought to day,
As if all *Asia* were thy valour's prey.

But now thou must do more

Than thou hast done before;

Else the important life of *Rhodes* is gone.

Alph. Why from the peaceful grave

Should I still strive to save

The lives of others, that would lose mine own?

Adm. The Souldiers call, *Alphonso*! thou hast taught
The way to all the wonders they have wrought;

Who now refuse to fight

But in thy Valour's light.

Alph.

The Siege of RHODES.

Alph. I would to none example be to flye;
But fain would teach all humane kind to dye.

Adm. Haste, haste! *Ianthe* in disguise
At th' English Bulwark wounded lies;
And in the *French*, our old great Master strives
From many hands to rescue many lives.

Alphon. *Ianthe* wounded? where? alas!
Has mourning Pity hid her face?
Let Pity fly, fly far from the oppress;
Since she removes her Lodging from my breast!

Adm. You have but two great cruelties to chuse
By staying here; you must *Ianthe* lose,
Who ventur'd life and fame for you;
Or your great Master quite forsake,
Who to your Childhood first did shew
The ways you did to Honour take.

Alphon. *Ianthe* cannot be
In safer company:
For what will not the valiant English do
When Beauty is distress'd and Vertue too?

Adm. Dispatch your choice, if you will either save,
Occasion bids you run;
You must redeem the one
And I the other from a common grave.

Alphonso, haste!
Alphon. Thou urgest me too fast.
This Riddle is too sad and intricate;
The hardest that was e're propos'd by Fate.

Honour and pity have
Of both too short a time to chuse!
Honour the one would save,
Pity, would not the other lose.

Adm. Away, brave Duke, away!
Both Perish by our stay.

Alph. I to my Noble Master owe
All that my Youth did Nobly do:
He 'n War's School my Master was,
The Ruler of my Life;

She

The Siege of RHODES.

33

She my lov'd Mistress ; but, alas,
My now suspected Wife.

Adm. By this delay we both of them forsake !
Which of their rescues wilt thou undertake ?

Alph. Hence *Admiral*, and to thy Master hy !
I will as swiftly to my Mistress fly ;
Through Ambush, Fire, and all impediments
The witty cruelty of War invents :
For there does yet some taste of kindness last,
Still relishing the vertue that is past.
But how, *Ianthe*, can my sword successful prove,
Where honour stops, and only pity leads my love ?
Exeunt several ways.

Enter *Pirrhus*.

Pirrhus. O sudden change ! repulst in all the heat
Of Victory, and forc'd to lose retreat !
Seven Crescents, fixt on their Redouts, are gone !
Horse, horse ! we fly
From Victory !
Wheel, wheel from their Reserves, and charge our own !
Divide that Wing !
More succours bring !
Rally the Fled,
And quit our Dead !
Rescue that Ensign and that Drum !
Bold slaves ! they to our Trenches come :
Though still our Army does in posture stay
Drawn up to judge, not act, the business of the day ;
As *Rome*, in Theaters, saw Fencers play.

Enter *Mustapha*.

Musta. Who can be loud enough to give command ?
Stand, *Haly*, make a stand !
Those Horses to that Carriage span ! Drive, drive !
Zanger is shot agen, yet still alive !

Coyne

The Siege of RHODES.

Coyns for the Culv'rin, then give fire
To cleer the Turn-Pikes, and let Zanger in !

Look, *Pirrhns*, look, they all begin
To alter their bold Count'nance, and retire !

*The Scene returns to that of the Castle on Mount
Philermus.*

Enter *Solyman*.

Soly. How cowardly my num'rous slaves fall back !
Slow to Assault, but dext'rous when they sack !

Wild Wolves in times of peace they are ;

Tame sheep, and harmless, in the War.

Crowds fit to stop up breaches ; and prevail

But so as shoals of Herrings choak a Whale.

This Dragon-Duke so nimbly fought to day,

As if he wings had got to stoop at Prey.

Ianthe is triumphant, but not gone ;

And sees *Rhodes* still beleaguer'd, though not won.

Audacious Town ! thou keep'st thy station still ;

And so my Castle tarries on that Hill,

Where I will dwell till Famine enter Thee ;

And prove more fatal then my Sword could be.

Nor shall *Ianthe* from my favours run,

But stay to meet and praise what she did shun.

*The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town
Besieg'd.*

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Ianthe*.

She in a Night-Gown and a Chair is brought in.

Viller. **F**Air Vertue, we have found
No danger in your Wound.
Securely live ;
And credit give

To

To us, and to the Surgeons Art.

Ianth. Alas! my wound is in the Heart;

Or else, where e're it be,

Imprison'd life it comes to free,

By seconding a worser wound that hid doth lie:

What practice can assure

That Patient of a Cure,

Whose kind of grief still makes her doubt the remedy?

Adm. The wounded that would soon be eas'd

Should keep their spirits tun'd and pleas'd;

No discords should their mind subdue:

And who in such distress

As this, ought to express

More joyful harmony than you?

'Tis not alone that we assure

Your certain cure;

But pray remember that your blood's expence

Was in defence

Of *Rhodes*, which gain'd to day a most important Victory:

For our success, repelling this Assault,

Has taught the *Ottomans* to halt;

Who may, wasting their heavy body, learn to fly.

Vill. Not only this should hasten your content,

But you shall joy to know the instrument

That wrought the triumph of this day;

Alphonso did the Sally sway;

To whom our *Rhodes*, all that she is does owe,

And all that from her Root of Hope can grow.

Ianth. Has he so greatly done?

Indeed he us'd to run

As swift in Honour's Race as any He

Who thinks he merits Wreaths for Victory.

This is to all a comfort, and should be,

If he were kind, the greatest joy to me.

Where is my alter'd Lord? I cannot tell

If I may ask, if he be safe and well?

For whilst all strangers may his actions boast,

F

Who

Who in their Songs repeat
The Triumphs he does get,
I only must lament his favours lost.

Vill. Some wounds he has; none desperate but yours;
Ianthe cur'd, his own he quickly cures.

Ianthe. If his be little, mine will soon grow less.

Ay me! What Sword

Durst give my Lord

Those wounds, which now *Ianthe* cannot dress?

Adm. *Ianthe* will rejoyce when she did hear
How greater than himself he does appear
In rescue of her Life; all acts were slight,
And cold, even in our hottest Fight,

Compar'd to what he did,

When with Death's Vizard she her Beauty hid.

Vill. Love urg'd his anger, till it made such haste.

And rusht so swiftly in,

That scarce he did begin

E're we could say, the mighty work was past.

Ianthe. All this for me? something he did for you:

But when his Sword begun,

Much more it would have done

If he, alas! had thought *Ianthe* true.

Adm. Be kind, *Ianthe*, and be well!

It is too pitiful to tell

What way of dying is exprest

When he that Letter read

You wrote before your Wounds were dress'd;

When you and we despair'd you could recover:

Then he was more than dead,

And much out-wept a Husband and a Lover.

Enter *Alphonso* wounded, led in by two Mutes.

Alphon. Tear up my wounds! I had a passion coorse
And rude enough to strengthen Jealousie;
But want that more refin'd and quicker force

Which

The Siege of RHODES.

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Which does out-wrestle Nature when we dye.
Turn to a Tempest all my inward strife :

Let it not last,

But in a blast

Spend this infectious vapour, Life!

Ianthe. It is my Lord! Enough of strength I feel,
To bear me to him, or but let me kneel.
He bled for me when he achiev'd for you
This days success; and much from me is due.
Let me but bless him for his Victory,
And hasten to forgive him ere I dye.

Alphon. Be not too rash, *Ianthe*, to forgive.

Who knows but I ill use may make

Of pardons which I could not take;

For they may move me to desire to live.

Ianthe. If ought can make *Ianthe* worthy grow
Of having pow'r of pard'ning you,
It is, because she perfectly doth know
That no such pow'r to her is due.

Who never can forget her self, since she
Unkindly did resent your Jealousie.
A passion against which you nobly strove :
I know it was but over-cautious love.

Alphon. Accursed crime! Oh, let it have no name
Till I recover Blood to shew my shame.

Ianthe. Why stay we at such distance when we treat?
As Monarchs children, making Love
By Proxy, to each other move,
And by advice of tedious Councils meet.

Alphon. Keep back, *Ianthe*, for my strength does fail
When on thy cheeks I see thy Roses pale.
Draw all the Curtains, and then lead her in;
Let me in darkness mourn away my sin.

Exeunt.

Enter *Roxolana*, and Women Attendants.

Soly. Your looks express a triumph at our loss.

Roxol. Can I forsake the Crescent for the Cross?

The Siege of RHODES.

Soly. You with my spreading Crescent shrunk to less.

Roxol. Sultan, I would not lose by your Success.

Soly. You are a friend to the Besiegers grown.

Roxol. I wish your Sword may thrive,
Yet would not have you strive

To take *Ianthé* rather than the Town.

Soly. Too much on wand'ring Rumour you rely;
Your foolish Women teach you Jealousie.

1 *Wom.* We should too blindly confident appear;
If, when the Empress fears, we should not fear.

2 *Wom.* The Camp does breed that loud report
Which wakens Eccho in the Court.

1 *Wom.* The World our Duty will approve,
If, for our Mistress sake,
We ever are awake

To watch the wand'rings of your Love.

Soly. My War with *Rhodes* will never have success,
Till I at home, *Roxana*, make my peace.

I will be kind, if you'll grow wise;

Go, chide your Whisp'ers and your Spies,
Be satisfy'd with liberty to think;
And, when you should not see me, learn to wink.

Chorus of souldiers.

1.

With a fine merry Gale,
Fit to fill ev'ry Sail,
They did cut the smooth Sea
That our skins they might flea:
Still as they Landed, we firkt them with Sallies;
We did bang their silk Shaffes,
Through Sands and through Plashes,
Till amain they did run to their Gallies.

2.

They first were so mad
As they Jealousies had
That

The Siege of RHODES.

39

That our Isle durst not stay,
But would float strait away;
For they Landed still faster and faster:
And their old Bassa *Pirrhus*
Did think he could fear us;
But himself sooner fear'd our Grand-Master.

3.
Then the hug'ous great *Turk*,
Came to make us more work;
With enow men to eat
All he meant to defeat;
Whose wonderful worship did confirm us
In the fear he would bide here
So long till he Dy'd here,
By the Castle he built on *Philermus*.

4.
You began the Assault
With a very long Hault;
And, as hauling ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our *Alphonso* to scoff ye.
To himself, as a Daintie,
He keeps his *Ianthe*;
Whilst we drink good Wine, and you drink but Coffee.

The End of the Fifth Entry.

The Curtain is let fall.

F I N I S.

26. X

SECONDARY

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THE (X.)
SIEGE
OF
RHODES:

The Second Part,

As it was lately Represented at His Highness the
Duke of YORK'S Theatre in *Lincolns-Inne*
Fields.



LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop,
at the Sign of the *Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the
New Exchange. 1670.

THE
SIEGE


OF
RHODES

The Second Part

And with many other
Books of the same
Author

1652

Printed by J. Streater, at the
Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons
Church-yard, in London.



Prologue.

WHat if we serve you now a Trick? and do
Like him who posted Bills that he would show
So many active feats, and those so high,
That Court and City came to see him fly?
But he, good man, careful to empty still
The Money-Boxes, as the House did fill,
Of all his Tricks, had time to shew but one:
He lin'd his Purse, and, Presto! he was gone!
Many were then as fond, as you are now,
Of seeing stranger things than Art can show.
We may perform as much as he did do;
We have your Money, and a Back-Door too.
Go, and be couzen'd thus, rather than stay
And wait to be worse couzen'd with our Play.
For you shall hear such coorse complaints of Love,
Such silly sighing, as no more will move
Your Passion than Dutch Madrigals can do,
When Skippers, with wet Beards, at Wapping woo.
Hope little from our Poets wither'd Wit;
From Infant-Players, scarce grown Puppets yet.
Hope from our Women less, whose bashful fear,
Wondred to see me dare to enter here:
Each took her leave, and wisht my danger past;
And though I come back safe, and undisgrac'd,
Yet when they spie the WITS here, then I doubt
No Amazon can make 'em venture out.
Though I advis'd 'em not to fear you much;
For I presume not half of you are such.
But many Trav'lers here as Judges come;
From Paris, Florence, Venice, and from Rome:

Who will describe, when any Scene we draw,
By each of ours, all that they ever saw.
Those praising, for extensive breadth and height,
And inward distance to deceive the sight.
When greater Objects, moving in broad Space,
You rank with lesser, in this narrow Place;
Then we like Chesse-men, on a Chesse-board are,
And seem to play like Pawns the Rhodian War.
Oh Money! Money! if the WITS would dress,
With Ornaments, the present face of Peace;
And to our Poet half that Treasure share,
Which Faction gets from Fools to nourish War;
Then his contracted Scenes should wider be,
And move by greater Engines, till you see
(Whilst you Securely sit) fierce Armies meet,
And raging Seas disperse a fighting Fleet.
Thus much he bad me say; and I confess
I think he would, if rich, mean nothing less;
But, leaving you your selves to entertain,
Like an old Rat retire to Parmazan.

THE

THE
SIEGE
OF
RHODES.

The Second Part,
ACT the First, SCENE the First.

The SCENE is a Prospect of *Rhodes* beleaguer'd
at Sea and Land by the Fleet and Army of *Solyman*.

Enter *Alphonso*, Admiral, Marshal of *Rhodes*.

Alph. **W**hen shall we scape from the delays of *Rome*?
And when, slow *Venice*, will thy Succours come?

Mar. How often too have we in vain
Sought aid from long consulting *Spain*?

Adm. The *German* Eagle does no more
About our barren Island Sore.

Thy Region, famisht *Rhodes*, she does forsake;
And cruelly at home her Quarry make.

G 2

Alph.

The Siege of RHODES.

Alph. The furious *French*, and fiercer *English* fail.

Adm. We watch from Steeples and the Peer
What Flags remoter Vessels bear ;

But no glad Voice cries out, a Sail ! a Sail !

Mar. Brave Duke ! I find we are to blame
In playing slowly Honour's Game,
Whilst lingring Famine wastes our strength,
And tires afflicted Life with length.

Alph. The Council does it rashness call
When we propose to hazard all
The parcels we have left in one bold Cast :
But their Discretion makes our Torments last.

Adm. When less'ning Hope flies from our Ken,
And still Despair shews great and near,
Discretion seems to Valour then
A formal shape to cover fear.

Alph. Courage, when it at once adventures all,
And dares with humane aids dispencc,
Resembles that high confidence
Which Priests may Faith and Heav'ly Valour call.

Adm. Those who in latter dangers of fierce War
To distant hope and long consults are given,
Depend too proudly on their own wise care ;
And seem to trust themselves much more than Heav'n.

Alph. Let then the Elder of our *Rhodian* Knights
Discourse of slow designs in ancient Fights ;
Let them sit long in Council to contrive
How they may longest keep lean Fools alive :
Whilst (*Marshal*) thou, the *Admiral*, and I
(Grown weary of this tedious strife
Which but prolongs imprison'd Life)
Since we are freely Born will freely Dye.

Adm. From sev'ral Ports wee'l Sally out
With all the bolder Youth our Seas have bred.

Mar. And we at Land through storms of War have led,
Then meet at *Mustapha's* Redoubt.

Alph. And this last Race of Honour being run,
Wee'l meet agen, far, far, above the Sun.

Adm.

The Siege of RHODES.

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Adm. Already Fame her Trumpet sounds :
Which more provokes and warms
Our Courage than the smart of Wounds.
Away ! to Arms ! to Arms !-----

Enter Villerins.

Vill. What from the Camp, when no Assault is near,
Fierce Duke does thee to Slaughter call ?
Or what bold Fleet does now at Sea appear,
To hale and board our Admiral ?

Adm. We give, Great Master, this alarm
Not to forewarn your Chiefs of harm :
To whom assaults from Land or Sea
Would now but too much welcom be.

Alph. We want great dangers, and of mischiefs know
No greater ill but that they come too slow.

Adm. Why should we thus, with Arts great care
Of Empire, against Nature war ?
Nature, with sleep and food, would make Life last ;
But artful Empire makes us watch and fast.

Alph. If Valour virtue be, why should we lack
The means to make it move ?
Which progress would improve ;
But cannot march when Famine keeps it back.

Adm. When gen'ral Dearth
Afflicts the Earth,
Then even our loudest Warriours calmly pine.
High courage (though with Sourness still
It yields to Yokes of humane will)
Yet gracefully does bow to Pow'r Divine.

Alph. But when but mortal Foes
Imperiously impose
A Martial Lent
Where strength is spent ;
That Famine, doubly horrid, wears the face
Both of a Lingring death, and of disgrace.

Mar. For those, whose Valour makes them quickly Dye,
Prevent the Fast to shun the infamy.

Vill.

Vill. Whom have I heard? 'Tis time all Pow'r should cease
 When men high born, and higher bred
 (Who have out-done what most have read,)
 Grow like the Gourd, impatient of distrefs.
 Is there no room for Hope in any Breast?

Adm. Not, since she does appear
 Boldly a dweller where
 She first was entertain'd but as a Guest.
Alph. She may in Sieges be receiv'd,
 Be courted too, and much believ'd;
 And thus continue after wants begin;
 But is thrust out when Famine enters in.

Vill. You have been tir'd in vain with passiveness;
 But where, when active, can you meet Success?

Alph. With all the strength of all our Forts
 Wee'll fall out from all the Ports;
 And with a hot and hot alarm
 Still keep the *Turkish* Tents so warm
 That *Solyman* shall in a Fever lye.

Mar. His Bassas, marking what we do,
 Shall find that we were taught by you
 To manage Life, and teach them how to Dye.

Vill. Valour's designs are many heights above
 All pleasures fancy'd in the dreams of Love.
 But whilst, voluptuously, you thus devise
 Delightful ways to end those miseries
 Which over-charge your own impatient mind;
 Where shall the softer Sex their safety find?
 When you with num'rous Foes lye dead,
 (I mean asleep in Honour's Bed)

They then may subject be,
 To all the wild and fouler force
 Of rudest Victory;

Where noise shall Deafen all remorse.

Alph. If still concern'd to watch and arm
 That we may keep from harm
 All who defenceless are
 And seldom safe in War,

When,

The Siege of RHODES.

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When, *Admiral*, shall we
From weariness be free?

Vill. The *Rhodians* by your gen'ral Sally may
Get high renown;

Though you at last must bravely lose the Day,
And they their Town.

Then when by anger'd *Solyman* 'tis sway'd,
On whom shall climbing Infants smile for aid?

Or who shall lift and rescue falling Age,
When it can only frown at *Turkish* rage?

The living thus advise you to esteem
And keep your Life that it may succour them:

But though you are inclin'd to hear Death plead
As strongly to invite you to the Dead,

Whilst glory does beyond compassion move,
Yet stay till your *Ianthe* speaks for Love!

Alph. *Ianthe*'s name is such a double charm,
As strait does arm me, and as soon unarm.

Valour as far as ever Valour went,
Dares go, not stopping at the *Sultans* Tent,

To free *Ianthe* when to *Rhodes* confin'd:

But halts, when it considers I

Amidst ten Thousand *Turks* may Dye,
Yet leave her then to many more behind.

Adm. Since Life is to be kept, what must be done?

Vill. All those attempts of Valour we must shun
Which may the *Sultan* vex; And, since bereft
Of food, there is no help but Treaty left.

Adm. *Rhodes*, when the World shall thy submission know,
Honour, thy ancient friend, will court thy Foe.

Mur. Honour begins to blush, and hide his face:

For those who Treat sheath all their Swords,

To try by length of fencing words

How far they may consent to meet Disgrace.

Alph. As noble minds with shame their wants confess;
So *Rhodes* will bashfully declare distress.

{ A shout within, and a Noise
of forcing of Doors.

Vill.

The Siege of RHODES.

Vill. Our guards will turn confederates with the crowd,
Whose mis'ries now insult and make them loud.

Their leaders strive with praises to appease,
And soften the misled with promises.

[*Exit Admiral.*

Alph. These us'd with awe to wait

Far from your Palace gate;

But, like lean Birds in Frosts, their hunger now
Makes them approach us and familiar grow.

Vill. They have so long been Dying, that 'tis fit
They Deaths great privilege should have;
Which does in all a parity admit:
No rooms of State are in the Grave.

Enter Admiral.

Adm. The Peoples various minds
(Which are like sudden winds,
Such as from Hilly-coasts still changing blow)
Were lately as a secret kept
In many whispers of so soft a breath,
And in a calm so deeply low,
As if all Life had soundly slept;

But now, as if they meant to waken Death,
They rashly rise, and loud in Tumults grow.

Mar. They see our strength is hourly less,
Whilst *Solyman's* does still increase.

Adm. Thus, being to their last expectance driven,
Ianthe, now they cry!
Whose name they raise so high
And often, that it fills the vault of Heaven.

Alph. If *Solyman* does much her Looks esteem,
Looks captive him, and may enfranchise them.

Adm. By many Pris'ners, since our Siege began,
They have been told, how Potent *Solyman*,
In all assaults, severely did command

That you and she
Should still be free
From all attempts of every *Turkish* hand.

Alph.

The Siege of RHODES.

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Alph. It rudeness were in me not to confess
That *Solyman* has civil been,
And did much Christian honour win
When he *Ianthe* rescu'd from distress.

Adm. They were from many more advertis'd too,
That he hath Pass-ports sent for her and you:
Which makes them hope the Pow'r divine
Does by some blessed cause design

Ianthe to procure their Liberty:
Or if by Heaven 'tis not intirely me'nt
That powerful Beauties force should set them free,
Yet they would have her strait in Treaty sent
To gain some rest for those,
Who of their restless foes

Continual wounds and fasts are weary grown.

Mar. Whose mighty hearts conceiv'd before,
That they were built to suffer more
Assaults and Battries than our Rocky Town.

Vill. Those who, with Gyant-stature, shocks receiv'd,
Now down to Dwarfish size and weakness fall.

Mar. Who once no more of harm from shot believ'd
Than that an Arrow hurts a wounded Wall.

Alph. She Treat? What pleasant, but what frantick dreams,
Rise from the Peoples Fever of extremes?

I will allay their Rage, or try
How far *Ianthe* will comply.

[Exit.

Enter Ianthe and her two Women at the other Door.

Iant. Why, wise *Villerius*, had you power to sway
That *Rhodian* Valour, which did yours obey?
Was not that pow'r deriv'd from awful Heav'n
Which to your Valour hath your Wisdom given?
And that directs you to the Seasons meet
For deeds of War, and when 'tis fit to treat.

Vill. E're we to *Solyman* can sue,
Ianthe, we must treat with you.

The people find that they have no defence
But in your Beauty and your Eloquence.

Mar. To your requests Great *Solyman* may yield.

Ianf. Can hope on such a weak Foundation build?

H

Mar.

The Siege of RHODES.

Mar. In you the famish't peoples hopes are fed.

Iant. Can your discerning eyes
(Which may inform the wise)

Be by vain hope, their blind Conductor, led?

Vill. When winds in Tempests rise
Pilots may shut their eyes.

Mar. And, though their practice knows their way,
Must be content a while to stray.

Iant. Though *Solyman* should softer grow;
And to my tears compassion show;

What shape of comfort can appear to me,

When all your outward War shall cease,

If then my Lord renew his jealousy

And strait destroy my inward peace?

Vill. The *Rhodian* Knights shall all in Council sit;

And with persuasions, by the publick Voice,

Your Lord shall woo till you to that submit

Which is the Peoples will, and not your Choice.

No arguments, by forms of Senate made,

Can Magisterial Jealousie perswade;

It takes no Counsel, nor will be in awe

Of Reasons force, necessity, or Law.

[Exit with the Marshal and her Women.]

Vill. Call thy experience back,

Which safely coasted every shore;

And let thy reason lack

No wings to make it higher soar;

For all those aids will much too weak appear,

With all that gath'ring fancy can supply,

When she hath travell'd round about the Sphere,

To give us strength to govern Jealousie.

Adm. Will you believe that Fair *Ianthe* can

Consent to go, and treat with *Solyman*,

Vainly in hope to move him to remorse?

Vill. 'Twill not be said by me

That she consents, when she

Does yield to what the People would enforce.

Their strength they now will in our weakness find,

Whom

The Siege of RHODES.

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Whom in their plenty we can sway,
But in their wants must them obey;

And wink when they the Cords of pow'r unbind.

Adm. 'Tis likely then that she must yield to go.

Vill. Who can resist, if they will have it so?

Adm. Where e're she moves she will last innocent.

Vill. Heav'n's spotless Lights are not by motion spent.

Adm. *Alphonso's* Love cannot so sickly be
As to express relapse of Jealousie.

Vill. Examine Jealousie and it will prove
To be the careful tenderness of Love.

It can no sooner than Celestial fire

Be either quench'd, or of it self expire.

Adm. No signs are seen of Embers that remain
For windy passion to provoke.

Vill. Talk not of signs; Celestial fires contain
No matter which appears in smoke.

Be heedful, *Admiral*; The private peace
Of Lovers so Renown'd requires your care:
Their League, renew'd of late, will if it cease
As much perplex us as the *Rhodian* War.

[Exit.]

Adm. How vainly must I keep mine eyes awake,
Who now, *Alphonso*, am enjoyn'd to take,
For publick good, a private care of thee;
When I shall rather need thy care of me?
Love, in *Ianthe's* shape, pass't through my eyes
And tarries in my Breast. But if the wise
Villerius does high Jealousie approve
As Virtue, and because it springs from Love:
My Love, I hope, will so much Virtue be
As shall, at least, take place of Jealousie.

For all will more respect

The cause than the effect.

What I discern of Love, seems virtue yet,
And whilst that Face appears I'll cherish it.

[Exit.]

The Siege of RHODES.

The same Scene continues.

The Second Act.

A great Noise is heard of the People within.

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Marshal*.

Adm. **T**Heir murmurs with their hunger will increase :
 Their noises are effects of emptiness.
 Murmurs, like Winds, will louder prove
 When they with larger freedom move.

Vill. Winds which in hollow Caverns dwell,
 Do first their force in murmurs waste ;
 Then soon, in many a sighing blast,
 Get out, and up in Tempests swell.

Adm. Your practis'd strength no publique burden fears ;
 Nor stoops when it the weight of Empire bears.

Vill. Pow'r is an Arch which ev'ry common hand
 Does help to raise to a magnifiquè height ;
 And it requites their aid when it does stand
 With firmer strength beneath increasing weight :

Adm. 'Tis noble to endure and not resent
 The bruises of Afflictions heavy hand.
 But can we not this Embassy prevent ?

Vill. *Ianthe* needs must go. Those who withstand
 The Tide of Flood, which is the Peoples will,
 Fall back when they in vain would onward row :
 We strength and way preserve by lying still.

And sure, since Tides ebb longer then they flow,
 Patience, which waits their Ebbs, regains
 Lost time, and does prevent our pains.

Adm. Can we of saving and of gaining boast,
 In that by which *Ianthe* may be lost ?
 She wholly Honour is ; and, when bereft
 Of any part of that, has nothing left.

For Honour is the Soul, which by the Art
Of Schools, is all contain'd in ev'ry part.

Vill. The Guiltless cannot Honour lose, and she
Can never more than Virtue guilty be.

Adm. The talking World may persecute her name.

Vill. Her Honour bleeds not, when they wound her Fame.
Honour's the Soul, which nought but Guilt can wound;
Fame is the Trumpet which the People sound.

Mar. The Trumpet where still variously they blow,
And seeking Ecchos, sound both high and low.

Adm. Can no expedient stop their will?

Vill. The practice grows above our skill.

Last Night, in secret, I a Pris'ner sent
To *Mustapha*, with deep acknowledgment
For fair *Ianthes* former Libertie,
And Pass-ports, offer'd since, to set her free.
My Letters have no ill acceptance met;
But his reply forbids all means to treat,
Unless *Ianthe*, who has oft refus'd
That Pass, which Honour might have safely us'd,
Appear before Great *Solyman*, and sue
To save those Lives which Famine must subdue.

Adm. Sad Fate! Were all those drowsie Syrrups here [*Aside.*
Which Art prescribes to Madnes, or to Fear,
To Jealousie, or careful States-mens Eyes,
To waking Tyrants, or their watchful Spies,
They could not make me sleep when she is sent
To lie Love's Lieger in the *Sultans* Tent. [*A great shout within.*

Mar. What sudden pleasure makes the Crowd rejoyce?
What comfort can thus raise the publique Voice?

Vill. 'Tis fit that with the Peoples insolence,
When in their sorrows rude, we should dispence;
Since they are seldom civil in their joys:
Their gladness is but an uncivil Noise.

Adm. They seldom are in tune, and their tunes last
But like their Loves rash Sparkles struck in haste.

Vill. Still brief, as the concordance of a Shout.

Adm. What is so short as Musick of the Rout?

Vill.

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Vill. Though short, yet 'tis as hearty as 'tis loud.

Adm. Dissembling is an Art above the Crowd.

Vill. Whom do they dignifie with this applause?

Enter *Alphonso, Ianthe.*

Alph. Of this, grave Prince, *Ianthe* is the cause.

I from the Temple led her now :

Where she for *Rhodes* pay'd many a Vow ;

And did for ev'ry *Rhodian* mourn

With sorrows gracefully devout :

But they pay'd back at our return

More vows to her than she laid out.

Vill. If they such gratitude express

For your kind Pray'rs in their distress,

Ianthe, think, what the Besieg'd will do

When the Besieger is o'recome by you?

Though *Rhodes* by Kings has quite forsaken bin

Without, whilst all forsake their Chiefs within ;

Yet who can tell but Heav'n has now design'd

Your shining beauty and your brighter mind

To lead us from the darkness of this War,

Where the Besieg'd, forgotten Pris'ners are :

Where glorious minds have been so much obscur'd

That Fame has hardly known

What they have boldly done,

And with a greater boldness have endur'd.

Alph. If Heav'n of Innocence unmindful were,

Ianthe then might many dangers fear.

Your hazards, and what *Rhodes* does hazard too,

Are less than mine when I adventure you ;

Who doubtful perils run

That we may try to shun

Such certain loss as nought can else prevent.

Adm. Revolted Jealousie ! can he consent ?

Iant. If *Rhodes* were not concern'd at all

In what I am desir'd to undertake

I should it less than Duty call

[*Aside.*

To

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To seek the *Sultan* for *Alphonso's* sake.

Alph. The *Sultan* has with forward haste
Climb'd to the top of high Renown;
And sure, he cannot now as fast,
By breaking trust, run backward down.

Iant. We should not any with Suspicion wound
Whom none detect, much less believe that those
In whom by trial we much virtue found
Can quickly all their stock of virtue lose.

Adm. How sweetly she, like Infant-Innocence, [*Aside.*]
Runs harmlessly to harm?
High Honour will unarm

It self to furnish others with defence.

Mar. Her mind, ascending still o're humane heights,
Has all the Valour of our *Rhodian* Knights.

Vill. What more remains but Pray'rs to recommend
Your safety to the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
You being theirs much more than ours.

Ile to the *Sultan* for your Pass-port send.

Ianth. That may disgrace the trust which we should give,
And lessen the effects we should receive.

Let such use forms so low
As not by trial know

How high the Honour is of *Solyman*:

Who never will descend
Till he in Valleys end

That race which he on lofty Hills began.

His pow'r does every day increase,
And can his Honour then grow less?

Bright power does like the Sun
Tow'rds chief perfection run,

When it does high and higher rise.

From both the best effects proceed,

When they from heights their glories spread,

And when they dazzle gazing eyes.

Alph. How far, *Ianthé*, will these thoughts extend?
Vain question, Honour has no Journeys end!

Adm. Her Honour's such, as he who limits it

Must

Must draw a Line to bound an infinite.

Vill. Since Fate has long resolv'd that you must go,
And you a Pass decline, what can we do?

Iant. The great Example which the *Sultan* gave
Of virtue, when he did my honour save,

And yours, *Alphonso*, too in me,

When I was then his Enemy,

Shall bring me now a Suppliant to his Tent;
Without his plighted Word or Pass-port sent.

So great a test of our entire belief
Of Clemency, in so Renown'd a Chief,
Is now the greatest present we can make:
His Pass-port is the least that we can take.

Alph. *Ianthe*, I am learning not to prize
Those dangers, which your virtue can despise.

Adm. My Love is better taught;
For with the pangs of thought,

I must that safety much suspect,
Which she too nobly does neglect.

[*A shout within.*]

Vill. You hear them *Admiral*!

Adm. Agen the people call,
Our haste provoking by a shout.

Vill. Go hang a Flag of Treaty out,
High on Saint *Nich'las* Fort!

Then clear the Western Port

To make renown'd *Ianthe* way!

[*Shout agen.*]

Adm. Hark! they grow loud!
That tide, the Crowd,
Will not for Lovers leisure stay.

Mar. That storm by suddenness prevails,
And makes us lower all our Sails.

Vill. To *Mustapha* I'll strait a Herald send,
That *Solyman* may melt when he shall know,
How much we on his mighty mind depend
By trusting more than *Rhodes* to such a Foe.

[*Exeunt Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.*]

Alph. How long *Ianthe* should I grieve
If I perceiv'd you could believe

That

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That I the *Rhodians* can so much esteem,
As to adventure you to rescue them ?

Yet I for *Rhodes* would frankly hazard all
That I could mine, and not *Ianthes* call.

But now I yield to let you go
A pledge of Treaty to the Foe,
In hope that saving *Rhodes* you may
Prepare to *Sicily* your way.

Were *Rhodes* subdu'd, *Ianthe* being there,
Ianthe should the only loss appear.

Ianth. Much from us both is to the *Rhodians* due,
But when I sue for *Rhodes*, it is for you.

Alph. *Ianthe*, we must part ! you shall relye
On hope, whilst I in parting learn to Dye.

Ianth. Take back that hope ! your dealing is not fair,
To give me hope, and leave your self despair.

Alph. I will but dream of Death, and then
As virtuously as Dying men
Let me to scape from future punishment
Come to a clear confession, and repent.

Ianth. I cannot any story fear
Which of *Alphonso* I shall hear,
Unless his Foes in malice tell it wrong.

Alph. *Ianthe*, my confession is not long,
For since it tells what folly did commit
Against your honour, shame will shorten it.

Ianth. Lend me a little of that shame ;
For I perceive I grow to blame
In practising to guess what it can be.

Alph. It is my late ignoble Jealousie.
Though parting now seems Death, yet but forgive
That crime, and after parting I may Live.
And as I now again great sorrow show,
Though I repented well for it before ;
So let your pardon with my sorrows grow ;
You much forgave me, but forgive me more.

Ianth. Away ! Away ! How soon will this augment
The troubled peoples fears,

I

When

The Siege of RHODES.

When they shall see me by *Alphonso* sent
To treat for *Rhodes* in tears?

Alph. What in your absence shall I do
Worthy of Fame, though not of you?

Iant. By patience, not by action now,
Your virtue must successful grow. [*Shout within.*]

Alph. In throngs the longing people wait
Your coming at the Palace gate.
Let me attend you to the Peer.

Iant. But we must leave our sorrows here.
Let not a *Rhodian* witness be
Of any grief in you or me;
For *Rhodes*, by seeing us at parting mourn,
Will look for weeping Clouds at my return.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene is Chang'd to the Camp of *Solyman*, the Tents and
Guards seem near, and part of *Rhodes* at a distance.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Rustan*.

Pirrh. **N**One (Glorious *sultan*) can your Conquest doubt:
When *Rhodes* has hung a Flag of Treaty out.

Soly. Thy courage, haughty *Rhodes*,
(When I account the Odds

Thou hast oppos'd, by long and vain defence)
Is but a braver kind of Impudence.

Thou knew'st my strength, but thou didst better know
How much I priz'd the brav'ries of a Foe.

Pirrh. Their Sallies were by stealth, and faint of late.

Soly. Can flowing Valour stay at standing flood?

Pirrh. No, it will quickly from the mark abate.

Rust. And then soon shew the Dead low Ebb of Blood.

Soly. When those who did such mighty Deeds before,
Shall less, but by a little, do,

It shews to me and you,
Old *Pirrhus*, that they mean to do no more.

By Treaty they but boldly beg a Peace!

Pirrh. Shall I command that all our Batt'ries cease?

Soly.

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Soly. You may, then draw our out-Guards to the Line.

Pirrh. And I'll prevent the springing of the Mine. [Exit.

Enter *Mustapha*.

Must. *Villerius* sends his Homage to your feet :

And, to declare how low

The pride of *Rhodes* can bow,

Ianthe will be here to Kneel and Treat.

Rust. What more can Fortune in your favour do?

Beauty, which conquers Victors, yields to you.

Soly. What wandering Star does lead her forth? Can she
Who scorn'd a Pass-port for her Liberty,
Vouchsafe to come, and Treat without it now?
The first did Glory, this Respect may show.

Pow'r's best Religion she,

Perhaps does civilly believe

To be establish'd, and reform'd in me,

Which counsels Monarchs to forgive.

Enter *Pirrhus*.

Pirrh. A second Morn begins to break from *Rhodes* ;

And now that threatning Sky grows clear,

Which was o'recast with smoke of Cannon-Clouds,

The fair *Ianthe* does appear.

Soly. *Pirrhus*, our Forces from the Trenches lead,

And open as our Flying Ensigns spread.

And, *Mustapha*, let her Reception be

As great as is the Faith she has in me.

I keep high Int'rest hid in this command ;

Which you with safety may

Implicitly obey,

But not without your Danger understand.

Your try'd obedience I shall much engage,

Joyn'd to the prudence of your practis'd age.

Must. We are content with age, because we live

So long beneath your sway.

I 2

Pirrh.

The Siege of RHODES.

Pirrh. Age makes us fit t' obey
Commands which none but *Solyman* can give.

[*Exeunt Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan.*]

Soly. Of spacious Empire, what can I enjoy?
Gaining at last but what I first Destroy.

'Tis fatal (*Rhodes*) to thee,

And troublesome to me

That I was born to govern swarms
Of Vassals boldly bred to arms:
For whose accurs'd diversion, I must still
Provide new Towns to Sack, new Foes to Kill.
Excuse that Pow'r, which by my Slaves is aw'd:

For I shall find my peace

Destroy'd at home, unless

I seek for them destructive War abroad.

[*Exit.*]

Enter *Roxolana, Haly, Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan,*
Pages, Women.

Roxol. Th' Ambassadors of *Persia*, are they come?

Haly. They seek your Favour and attend their Doom.

Roxol. The Vizier Bashaw, did you bid him wait?

Haly. *Sultana*, he does here expect his Fate.

Roxol. You take up all our *Sultans* bosom now;
Have we no place, but that which you allow?

Rust. Your Beauteous greatness does your ear incline
To Rumors of those crimes which are not mine.

My Foes are prosperous in their diligence,
And turn ev'n my submission to offence.

Roxol. *Rustan*, your Glories rise, and swell too fast.
You must shrink back, and shall repent your haste.

Must. Th' *Egyptian* presents which you pleas'd t' assign
As a Reward to th' Eunuch *Salladine*,
Are part of those allotments *Haly* had.

Roxol. Let a Division be to *Haly* made.

Pirrh. Th' *Armenian* Cities have their Tribute paid,
And all the *Georgian* Princes sue for aid.

Roxol.

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Roxol. Those Cities, *Mustapha*, deserve our care.
Pirrhws, send succours to the *Georgian* War.

Must. Th' Embassador which did the Jewels bring
From the *Hungarian* Queen, does Audience crave.

Roxol. *Pirrhws*, be tender of her Infant King.
Who dares destroy that Throne which I would save?

Rust. *Sultana*, humbly at your feet I fall,
Do not your *Sultan's* will, my Counsel call.

Roxol. *Rustan!* Go mourn! But you may long repent:
My busie Pow'r wants leisure to relent.

Rust. Think me not wicked, till I doubt to find
Some small compassion in so great a mind.

Roxol. These are Court-Monsters, Corm'rants of the Crown:
They feed on Favour till th' are over-grown;
Then sawcily believe, we Monarchs Wives
Were made but to be Dress't

For a Continu'd Feast;

To hear soft Sounds, and play away our Lives.
They think our Fulness is to wane so soon
As if our Sexes Governess, the Moon,
Had plac'd us, but for Sport on Fortunes lap;
They with bold Pencils, by the changing shape
Of our frail Beauty, have our Fortune drawn;
And judge our Breasts transparent as our Lawn;

Our hearts as loose, and soft, and slight

As are our Summer Vests of Silk;

Our brains, like to our Feathers light;

Our blood, as sweet as is our Milk:

And think, when Fav'rites rise, we are to fall
Meekly as Doves, whose Livers have no Gall.

But they shall find, I'm no *European* Queen,

Who in a Throne does sit but to be seen;

And lives in Peace with such State-Thieves as these

Who rob us of our business for our ease.

[Exeunt omnes.]

The

The Scene continues.

The Third Act.

Enter *Solyman, Mustapha, Pirrhws, Rustan.*

Must. **M** Ajestick *sultan*! at your feet we fall:
Our Duty 'tis and just
To say, you have encompass'd us with all
That we can private trust
Or publick Honours call.

Pirrh. In Fields our weak retiring Age you grace
With forward Action; and in Court,
Where all your mighty Chiefs resort,
Even they to us, as Kings to them, give place.

Rust. The Cords by which we are oblig'd are strong.

Soly. You all have Loyal been, and Loyal long.
To shew I this retain in full belief,
I'll doubly trust you, with my shame, and grief.

A grief which takes up all my Brest:
Yet finds the Room so narrow too
That being straightned there it takes no rest,
But must get out to trouble you.

That grief begets a shame which would disgrace
My pow'r if it were publisht in my face.

Must. Your outward calm does well
Your inward storm disguise.

Rust. But long dead calms fore-tell
That tempests are to rise.

Soly. My *Roxolana*, by ambitious strife,
To get unjust Succession for her Son,
Has put in doubt
Or blotted out

All the Heroique story of my Life;
And will lose back the Battels I have won.

Pirrh. E're ill advice shall lead her far, shee'l scorn

Her

Her Guide, and, faster than she went, return.

Must. Those who advis'd her ill, in that did do
Much more than we dare hear except from you.

Soly. O *Mustapha* ! is it too much for me
To think, I justly may possessor be
Of one soft Bosom, where releas'd from care,
I should securely rest from toils of War ?
But now, when daily tir'd with watchful Life,
(With various turns in doubtful Fight,
And length of talking Councils) I at night
In vain seek Sleep with a tempestuous Wife.

Wink at my shame, that I, whose Banners brave
The World, should thus to Beauty be a Slave.

Pirr. This Cloud will quickly pass
From *Roxolana's* face.

Must. The weather then will change from foul to fair.

Must. Tempests are short, and serve to clear the Air.

Soly. Since I have told my Sickness, it is fit
You hear what Cure I have prescrib'd to it.
Those Lovers Knots I cannot strait untwine,
Which, sure, were made to last
Since they were once ty'd fast
With strings of *Roxolana's* heart and mine.

Must. How can the vast Possession more improve ?
Has she not all in having all your Love ?

Soly. I have design'd a way to check her Pride.
It is not yet forgot,

That even the Gordian Knot
At last was cut, which could not be unty'd.
Does not the fair *Ianthe* wait
Without, in hope to mitigate,
By soft'ning Looks, the *Rhodians* fate ?

Let that new Moon appear,

And try her Influence here. [Exit *Mustapha*.

Pirr. What Lab'rinth does our *Sultan* mean to tread ?
Shall straying Love the Worlds great Leader lead ?

Enter

The Siege of RHODES.

Enter *Mustapha, Iantke.*

Soly. When warlike Cities (fair Embassadrefs)
Begin to treat, they cover their distrefs.
In shewing you, the Artful *Rhodians* know
They hide distrefs and all their triumphs show.
From with'ring *Rhodes* you fresher Beauty bring,
And sweeter than the bosom of the Spring.

Iant. Cities (propitious *Sultan*) when they treat,
Conceal their wants, and strength may counterfeit:
But sure the *Rhodians* would not get esteem,
By ought pretended in my self or them.

If I could any Beauty wear
Where *Roxolana* fills the Sphere,
Yet I bring griefs to cloud it here.

Soly. Your *Rhodes* has hung a Flag of Treaty out.

Iant. You can as little then my sorrows doubt
As I can fear that any humble grief
May sue to *Solyman* and want relief.

Soly. You oft the proffer'd Freedom did refuse,
Which now you seek, and would have others use.

Iant. I then did make my want of merit known;
And thought that gift too much for me alone;

And as 'twas fit

To reckon it

More favour than *Iantke* should receive;

So it did then appear

That single favours were

Too little for great *Solyman* to give.

Soly. Much is to every Beauty due:

Then how much more to all

Those divers forms we Beauty call;

And all are reconcil'd in you?

But those who here for Peace by Treaty look,
Must meet with that which Beauty least can brook;
Delay of Court, which makes the Blood so cold
That youngest Agents here look Pale and Old.

Here

Here you must tedious forms of Pow'r obey.-----
Your bus'ness will all Night require your stay.

Iant. Bus'ness, abroad at Night? sure bus'ness then
Only becomes the confidence of Men.

Those who the greatest Wand'ers are,
Wild Birds, that in the day
Frequent no certain way,
And know no limits in the Air,
Will still at Night discreetly come
And take their civil rest at home.

Soly. Is the protection of my pow'r so slight,
That in my Camp you are afraid of Night?

Iant. Stay in the Camp at Night, and *Rhodes* so near,
Honour my guide, and griev'd *Alphonso* there?

Soly. Treaties are long, my *Bassas* old and slow:
With whom you must debate before you go.
Let not your cause by any absence fail.

Your beauteous presence may on Age prevail.

Iant. Alas, I came not to capitulate,
And shew a love of Speech by long debate:
But to implore from *Solyman* what he
To *Rhodes* may quickly grant,
And never feel a want

[*She kneels.*

Of that which by dispatch would doubled be.

Soly. *Ianthe* rise! your grief may pity move;
But graceful grief,
Whilst it does seek relief

May pity lead to dang'rous ways of Love.

Iant. Why Heav'n, was I mistaken when I thought
That I the courtest shape had brought
And the most wither'd too that sorrow wears?

Soly. If you would wither'd seem, restrain your Tears.
The morning Dew makes Roses blow
And sweeter smell and fresher show.

Take heed, *Ianthe*, you may be to blame.
Did you not trust me when you hither came?
Will you my honour now too late suspect,
When only that can yours protect?

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Iant. If of your virtue my extreme belief
May virtuous favour gain,
My tears I will refrain.

It is my faith shall save me, not my grief.

Soly. Conduct her strait to *Roxokana's* Tent:
And tell my haughty Empress I have sent
Such a mysterious Present as will prove
A Riddle both to Honour and to Love. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

The Scene returns to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter *Admiral*.

Adm. Dwells not *Alphonso* in *Ianthés* Breast;
As Prince of that fair Palace, not a Guest?
Can it be virtue in a *Rhodian* Knight
To seek possession of anothers right?
Yet how can I his Title there destroy
By loving that which he may still enjoy?
My passion will no less than virtue prove
Whilst it does much *Ianthés* virtue love.
If in her absence I her safety fear,
'Tis virtuous kindness then to wish her here.
But of her dangers I in vain
Shall with my watchful fears complain
Till he grow fearful too, whose fears must be
Rais'd to the Husbands virtue, Jealousie.-----

Enter *Villerins, Marshal*.

Mar. Does he not seem
As if in Dream,
His course by storm were on the Ocean lost?
Mar. He now draws Cards to shun a Rocky Coast.
Adm. The foolish world does Jealousie mistake:
'Tis civil care, which kindness does improve.
Perhaps the Jealous are too much awake;
But others dully sleep o're those they love.

He

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He must be jealous made, for that kind fear,
When known, will quickly bring and stay her here.

Vill. What can thy silence now portend,

When the assembled People send
Their thankfulness to Heav'n in one loud Voice?
The hungry, wounded, and the sick rejoyce.

Mar. Our Quires in long procession sing,
The Bells of all our Temples ring,

Our Enemies

Begin to rise,

And from our Walls are to their Camp retir'd

To see *Iantbe* there in triumph shown.

Their Canon in a loud Salute are fir'd,

And eccho'd too by louder of our own.

Who is so dully bred,

Or rather who so dead

Whom fair *Iantbes* triumph cannot move?

From th' Oceans bosom it will call

A sinking *Admiral*,

Who flies to stormy Seas from storms of Love.

Enter *Alphonso*.

Alph. Our Foes (great Master) wear the looks of friends.

A *Zanjack* from the Camp attends

Behind the out-let of the Peer;

And he demands your private ear. [*Exit Vill.*

Adm. Would you had met *Iantbe* there.

Alph. Since well receiv'd, you wish her here too soon.

The morning led her out

And we may doubt

How her dispatch could bring her back e're Noon.

Adm. Her high reception was but justly due;

Who with such noble confidence,

Could with her Sexes fears dispence,

And trusting *Solyman* could part from you.

Alph. By that we may discern her rising mind
O're all the Pinnacles of Female kind.

K 2

Adm.

The Siege of RHODES.

Adm. Strangely she shun'd what Custom does afford,
The pledges of his Pass and plighted word.

Alph. Not knowing guilt, she knows no fear,
And still must strange in all appear,
As well as singular in this;

The Crowd of Common gazers fill
Their eyes with objects low and ill,
But she a high and good Example is.

Enter *Villerius, Marshal.*

Mar. *Ianthes* Laurels hourly will increase !

Vill. I have receiv'd some secret signs of peace
From *Mustapha*, whose trusted Messenger
Has brought me counsel how to counsel her.
She must a while make such appliances
As may the haughty *Roxolana* please,
To whom she now by *Solyman* is sent,
And does remain our Lieger in her Tent.

Adm. In *Turkish* Dialect, that word, remain,
May many fums of tedious hours contain :
And in a *Rhodian* Lovers swift account,
To what a Debt will that sad reck'ning mount ?

Vill. To night, *Alphonso*, you must sleep alone.
But Time is swift, a night is quickly gone.
For Lovers nights are like their slumbers, short.-----
I must dispatch this *Zanjack* to the Court.

Alph. The quiet Bed of Lovers is the Grave ; § *Exeunt Villerius, Marshal.*
For we in Death, no sense of absence have.

Adm. *Rhodes* in her view, her Tent within your sight !
And yet to be divided a whole Night !

Alph. A single night would many Ages seem,
Were I not sure that we shall meet in Dream.

Adm. She must no more such dang'rous Visits make,
Methinks I grow malicious for your sake,
And rather wish *Rhodes* should of freedom fail,
Than that *Ianthes* power should now prevail.

Alph. Your words mysterious grow.

Adm.

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Adm. *Alphonso*, no.

For if whilst thus you for her absence mourn
Her pow'r should much appear,

She'll want excuse,

Unless she use

A little of that power, for her Return
To day, and nightly resting here.

Alph. The hardned Steel of *Solyman* is such,
As with the Edge does all the World command,
And yet that Edge is softned with the touch
Of *Roxolana's* gentle hand.

And as his hardness yields, when she is near,
So may *Ianthe's* softness govern her.

Adm. The day sufficient seems for all address,
And is at Court the season of access;
Deprive not *Roxolana* of her right;
Let th' Empress lye with *Solyman* at night.
And as that privilege to her is due,
So should *Ianthe* sleep at *Rhodes* with you.

Alph. I'll write! The *Zanjack* for my Letter stays;
Love walks his round, and leads me in a Maze.

[Exit.

Adm. Love does *Alphonso* in a Circle lead;
And none can trace the ways which I must tread.
Lovers, in searching Loves Records, will find
But very few like me,

That still would Virtuous be,
Whilst to anothers Wife I still am kind.
And whilst that Wife I like a Lover woo,

I use all art
That from her Husband she may never part,
And yet even then would make him Jealous too.

[Exit.

The Scene returns to that of the Camp.

Enter *Roxolana*, *Haly*.

Roxol. Think, *Haly*, think, what I should swiftly do?
A *Rhodian* Lady, and a Beauty too,

The Siege of RHODES.

In my Pavilion lodg'd? It serves to prove
His settled hatred and his wandering Love.
Who did he send to plant this Canker here?

Haly. Old Bassa *Mustapha*.

Roxol. Bid him appear.

[Exit *Haly*.

Hope, thou grow'st weak, and thou hast been too strong.
Like Night, thou com'st too soon, and stay'st too long.
Hence! smiling Hope! with growing Infants play:

If I dismiss thee not, I know

Thou of thy self wilt go,

And canst no longer than my Beauty stay.

I'll open all the Doors to let thee out:

And then call in thy next Successor, Doubt.

Come Doubt, and bring thy lean Companion, Care.

And, when you both are lodg'd, bring in Despair.

Enter *Mustapha*, *Haly*.

Must. Our op'ning Buds, and falling Blossoms, all
That we can fresh and fragrant call,

That Spring can promise, and the Summer pay,

Be strew'd in *Roxolana's* way.

On Nature's fairest Carpets let her tread;

And there, through Calms of peace, long may she lead

That Pow'r which we have follow'd far,

And painfully, through storms of War.

Roxol. Blessings are cheap, and those you can afford:

Yet you are kinder than your frowning Lord.

I dare accuse him; but it is too late.-----

[Weeps.

What means that pretty property of State,

Which is from *Rhodes* for Midnight Treaties sent?

Private Cabals of Lovers in my Tent?

Your Valour, *Mustapha*, serv'd to convey

Loves fresh supplies. You Souldiers can make way.

Was it not greatly done to bring her here?

Must. Duty in that did over-rule my fear.

It was the Mighty *Solyman's* command.

Roxol. Thou fatal Fool! how canst thou think

To

To find a Basis where thou firm mayst stand
On those rough Waters where I sink?

Must. If *Roxolana* were not rank'd above
Mankind, the strait would fall
Before that Pow'r which all

The valiant follow, and the virtuous love.

Roxol. I grow immortal; for I Life disdain:
Which ill with thy dislike of Dying suits.
Yet thou, for safety, fear'st great pow'r in vain;
Who here, art but a Subject to my Mutes.-----

Mustapha draws a Parchment.

Must. Peruse the dreaded Will of anger'd Pow'r;
Tought with the Signet of the Emperour:
It does enjoy *Lanthes* safety here:
She must be sought with Love, and serv'd with Fear.
This disobey'd; your Mutes, who still make haste
To cruelty, may rest for want of breath.
'Tis order'd they shall suddenly be past
Their making signs, and shall be dumb with Death.

This dreadful Doom from *Solyman* I give.

But if his will, which is our Law,

Be met with an obedient awe,

The Empress then may long in triumph Live.

[*She weeps.*]

Roxol. Be gone! thy Duty is officious fear.

If I am soft enough to grieve,

It is to see the *Sultan* leave

The warring World, and end his Conquests here.-----

Crawl to my *Sultan* still, officious grow!

Ebb with his love, and with his anger flow. [*Exit Mustapha.*]

Haly. Preserve with temper your Imperial mind;

And, till you can expreſs

Your wrath with good ſucceſs,

By angring others to your ſelf be kind.-----

Roxol. If thou canst weep, thou canst endure to bleed:

Men who Compassion feel have Valour too:

I shall thy Courage more than Pity need:

Dar'st

The Siege of RHODES.

Dar'st thou contrive as much as I dare do?

Haly. I'll on, as far as weary Life can go.

Roxol. Then I shall want no aid to my design:

Wee'l dig below them, and blow up their Mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene returns to that of the Town Beleaguerr'd.

The Fourth Act.

Enter *Solyman, Mustapha, Rustan.*

Soly. **C**AN *Roxolana* such a Rival bear?

Must. She has her fits of courage and of fear.

As she does high against your anger grow,
So, trusting strait your Love, she stoops as low.

Soly. Her Chamber-Tempests I have known too well:
She quickly can with winds of passion swell;
And then as quickly has the Womans pow'r
Of laying Tempests with a weeping shower.
What looks does the detain'd *Tambe* shew?

Must. She still is calm in all her fears.

Rust. And seems so Lovely in her Tears
As when the Mornings face is washt in Dew.

Enter *Pirrhus.*

Pirrh. The world salutes you *Sultan*! Ev'ry Pow'r
Does shrink before your Throne; and ev'ry how'r
A flying Packet or an Agent brings
From *Asia, Afrique, and European Kings.*

Soly. With Packets to old *Zanger* go;

Who, free'd from action, can with sleep dispence;
And having little now to do,

May read dull Volumes of Intelligence.

These

These Writing-Princes covet to seem wise
In Packets, and by formal Embassies:
They would with Symphonies of civil words
(Sweet sounds of Court) charm rudeness from our Swords:

Teach us to lay our Gauntlets by,
That they unarm'd, and harmlessly,
From farthest Realms, by Proxy, might shake hands;
And, offering useless friendship, save their Lands.

[Exeunt.

Enter *Villerius*, *Alphonso*, *Admiral*, *Marshal*.

Adm. He came disguis'd, who brought your Letter here,
And fought such privacy as argu'd fear.

Mar. But (Sov'rain Master) yours did seem to be
Convey'd by one less pain'd with Secresie;

Who does for answer stay.

Vill. Mine came from *Mustapha*.
It would import a promising increase
Of our Conditions by approaching peace.

But does request us to consent
That fair *Ianthe* may yet longer stay
In pow'rful *Roxolana's* Tent;

And that request we understand
As a command

Which, though we would not grant, we must obey.

Alph. Mine by a Christian Slave was brought;
Who from the E'unuch *Bassa*, *Haly*, came;
And was by *Roxolana* wrote:

See the *sultana's* Signet and her Name.
She writes---but oh! why have I breath
To tell, how much 'tis worse than Death
Not to be Dead

E're I agen this Letter read?

Adm. Oh my prophetick fear!

Alph. She writes, that if I hold my honour dear;
Or if *Ianthe* does that honour prize,
I should with all the art

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Of Love, confirm her heart,
And strait from *Solyman* divert her Eyes.

Adm. Who knows what end this dire beginning bodes?

Alph. And here the likewise says.

He to *Ianthe* lays

A closer Siege than e're he did to *Rhodes*.

Adm. *Ianthe*, I will still my Love pursue; [Aside.

Be kind to thee, and to *Alphonso* true:

But Loves small policies Great Honour now

Will hardly to my Rivalship allow:

Those little Arts, bold Duke, I must lay by

And urge thy Courage more than Jealousie.

Vill. Where is thy honour now, fam'd Eastern Lord?

Adm. Why sought we not his Pass-port or his Word?

Alph. How durst *Ianthe* have so little fear

As to believe

That in the Camp she should receive
Freedom from him who did besiege her here?

Adm. Whilst in her own dispose she here remain'd
I of the brav'ry of her trust complain'd:

Her gen'rous faith too meanly was deceiv'd,

And must not be upbraided but reliev'd.

Vill. To rescue *Rhodes* she did her self forsake;

And *Rhodes* shall nobly pay that virtue back.

Alph. Great Master! what shall poor *Alphonso* do?

Since all he has *Ianthe's* is;

And now in this

Must owe *Ianthe* and her fame to you.

Vill. If any virtue can in Valour be:

Adm. Or any Valour in a *Rhodian* Knight:

Alph. Or any Lover can have Loyalty.

Vill. Or any Warriour can in Love delight.

Mar. If absence makes not mighty Love grow less.

Adm. Or gentle Lovers can compassion feel.

Alph. If Loyal Beauty, when in deep distress,
Can melt our hearts, and harden all our Steel.

Vill. Then let us here in sacred Vows combine.

My Vow is seal'd---- [They joyn their Swords.

Adm.

Adm. And mine.----

Mar. And mine.-----

Alph. And trebly mine.-----

Vill. Behold us, *Fame*, then stay thy flight,
And hover o're our Towers to Night.

Fresh wings together with the Morning take;

As early as afflicted Lovers wake.

Then tell the World that we have joyn'd our Swords;

But 'tis for griev'd *Ianthe*, not for *Rhodes*.

Alph. Now we shall prosper, who were weary grown

In *Rhodes*, and never could successful prove

When Empire led us forth to seek Renown,

For Honour should no Leader have but Love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The Scene is Chang'd.

Being wholly fill'd with *Roxolana's* Rich Pavilion, wherein is
discern'd at distance, *Ianthe* sleeping on a Couch; *Roxolana*
at one End of it, and *Faly* at the other; Guards of Eunuchs
are discover'd at the wings of the Pavilion; *Roxolana* having
a *Turkish* Embroider'd Handkerchief in her left hand; and a
naked Ponyard in her right.

Roxol. **T**Hou dost from beauty, *Solyman*,

As much refrain as Nature can;

Who, making Beauty, meant it should be lov'd.

But how can I my Station keep

Till thou, *Ianthe*, art by Death remov'd?

To Dye, when thou art young;

Is but too soon to fall asleep!

And lye asleep too long.

Faly. Your dreadful will what power can here command

But pity? Oh let pity stay your hand, I-----

Roxol. *Sultan*, I will not weep, because my tears

Cannot suffice to quench thy Loves false flame:

Nor will I to a paleness bleed,

To show my Loves true fears,

L 2

Because

The Siege of RHODES.

Because I rather need

More blood to help to blush away thy shame.

Haly. How far are all his former Virtues gone?

Turn back the progress of forgetful Time :

The many Favours by your *Sultan* done

Should now excuse him for one purpos'd crime.

Roxol. Haly, Consult ! Can I do ill

If many foul adul'tries I prevent,

When I but one Fair Mistress kill ?

Haly. Be not too early here with Punishment.

Your *Sultan* now

Does only show

The grudgings of a Lovers-feverish fit.

You find his inclinations strange,

But, being new, they soon may change ;

And they have reacht but to intention yet.

Roxol. Long before deeds Heav'n calls intention sin.

'Tis good to end what he would ill begin.

Haly. Do not relinquish yet your first design.

Before you darken all her Light

Examine, by your judging Sight,

If in your Sphere she can unblemish shine.

You meant to prove her Virtue and first try

How well she here could as a Rival live,

E're as a judg'd Adultr'ess she should dye :

In pard'ning her you *Solyman* forgive.

And can you add to your lov'd greatness more

When able to forgive the greatest pow'r ?

Roxol. Tell me agen *Alphonso's* short reply

When I by Letter wak'd his Jealousie ;

And counsell'd him to write and to advise

His Wife to lock her Breast, and shut her Eyes ?

Haly. With silence first he did his sorrows bear ;

Then anger rais'd him, till he fell with fear :

At last, said she was now past Counsel grown ;

Or else could take no better than her own.

Roxol. His thoughts a double Vizard wear,

And only lead me to suspense,

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It seems he does her dangers fear,

And fain would trust her innocence.

Wake her! I will pursue my first design.---

Haly. I go to draw the Curtain of a shrine.---

Awake! Behold the pow'ful Empress here.

*Ianthe rises and walks at distance
from Roxolana.*

Iant. Heav'n has the greatest pow'r;

Heav'n seeks our love, and kindly comforts fear.

This is my fatal how'r.

Roxol. Though beauteous when she slept,

Yet now would I had kept

Her safely sleeping still.

She, waking, turns my Envy into shame;

And does it so reclaim

That I am Conquer'd who came here to kill.

Iant. What dangers should I fear?

Her brow grows smooth and clear:

Yet so much greatness cannot want disguise.

The Great live all within;

And are but seldom seen

Looking abroad through Casements of their Eyes.

Roxol. Have courage fair *Sicilian*, and come near.---

Iant. My distance shews my Duty more than fear.

Roxol. I have a Present for you, and 'tis such

As comes from one who does believe

It is for you too little to receive;

And I, perhaps, may think it is too much.

Iant. Who dares be bountiful to low distress?

Who to *Ianthe* can a Present make

When *Rhodes* besieg'd has all she would possess;

And all the world does ruin'd *Rhodes* forsake?

Roxol. The Present will not make the Giver poor;

And, though 'tis single now, it quickly can

Be multiply'd; you shall have many more.

It is this kiss---- It comes from *Solyman*.

Iant. You did your Creature courage give;

And made me hope that I had leave to live

When

When you from dutious distance call'd me near:

But now I soon shall courage lack:

I am amaz'd, and must go back:

Amazement is the ugliest shape of fear.

Roxol. Are Christian Ladies so reserved and shy?

Iant. Our sacred Law does give

Them precepts how to live,

And Nature tells them they must dye.

Roxol. 'Tis well they to their Husbands are so true.

But speak, *Ianthe*, are they all like you?

Iant. I hope they are, and better too,

Or, if they are not, will be so.

Roxol. They have been strangely injur'd then.

But Rumour does mistake.

Some say they visits make;

And they are visited by Men.

Iant. What custom does avow

Our Laws in Time allow

And those who never guilty be

Suspect not others liberty.

Roxol. This would in *Asia* wonderful appear:

But Time may introduce that Fashion here.

Come nearer! Is your Husband kind and true?

Iant. If good to good I may compare

(Excepting Greatness) I would dare

To say, he is as *Solyman* to you.

Roxol. As he to me? How strong is innocence?

Prevailing till 'tis free to give offence.

Indeed, *Alphonso*, has a large renown;

Which does so daily spread,

As it the World may lead;

And should not be contracted in a Town.

Iant. As we in all agree,

So he will prove like me

A lowly servant to your rising Fame.

Roxol. But is he kind to you, and free from blame?

Civil by day, and loyal too at Night?

Iant. By Nature, not by skill

He

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He is as cheerful still

And as unblemish'd as unshaded light.

Roxol. These Christian Turtles live too happily.

I wish, for breed, they would to *Asia* fly.----

You must not at such distance stand;

Draw near, and give me your fair hand.----

I have another Present for you now;

And such a Present as I know

You will much better than the first allow;

Though *Solyman* will not esteem it so.

'Tis from my self ---- of friendship such a Seal ---- [*Kisses her.*

As you to *Solyman* must ne'r reveal.----

And that I may be more assur'd,

By this agen you are conjur'd.----

Iant. Presents so good and great as these

I should receive upon my knees.

Roxol. I will not, lest I may revive your fear,
Relate the cause of your confinement here.

But know, I must

Your virtue trust;

Which, proving loyal, you are safe in mine.

Iant. The light of Angels still about you shine!

Haly. The dang'rous secrets of th' Imperial Bed, & *Haly* takes
Are darker than the riddles of the Throne. & *Iant* the aside

The Glass, in which their Characters are read,

We Eunuchs grind, and 'tis but seldom shown.

Iant. I shall with close and wary Eyes

Retire from all your Mysteries.

And when occasion shall my honour trust,

You'll find I have some courage, and am just.

Roxol. Perhaps, *Iant*, you may shortly hear
Of Clouds, which threatening me, may urge your fear.

Be virtuous still! 'tis true my *Sultan* frowns, ---- [*She weeps.*

But let him win more Battels, take more Towns;

And be all day the fore-most in the Fight;

Yet he shall find that I will rule at Night. [*Haly* looks in.

Haly. The Guards increase, and many Mutes appear,

Lifting their Lights, to shew the *Sultan* near.

Roxol.

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Roxol. My new seal'd friendship I must now lay by
A while, and seem your jealous Enemy.
Be to your self; and to *Alphonso* true.

Iant. As he to me, and virtue is to you. [*Iant* the steps at distance.

Enter *Solyman*.

Soly. Has Night lost all her dark dominion here?

High hopes disturb your sleep;

But I suspect you keep

Iant the waking, not with hope but fear.

Roxol. Too well, and much too soon I know

Whom you are pleas'd to grace:

However, since it must be so,

You'll find I can give place.

Soly. You had a place, too near me, and too high.

If but a little you remove

From place of Empire or of Love

You soon become but as a stander-by.

One step descending from a shining Throne,

You to the darkest depth fall swiftly down.

Roxol. If I sat nearer to you than 'twas fit

For Empires Heraulds to admit,

(I being born below, and you above)

Pray call in Death, and I'll, even then, bring Love.

To these all places equal be;

For Love and Death know no degree.

Soly. I cannot Passions riddles understand.

Roxol. You still have present Death at your Command;

But former Love you have laid by:

Which, being gone, you know that I can Dye.----

[Weeps.

Soly. I better know that you have cause to weep.

[Turns to *Iant* the.

Iant the, all is calm within your Breast,

Retire into the quiet shade of sleep,

And let not watchful fear divert your rest.

Let all the Nations of my Camp suffice,

As Guards, to keep you from my Enemies;

(For

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(For of your own
You can have none)

Whilst I but as Loves Sent'nel on you wait,
Arm'd with his Bow, at your Pavilion Gate.

Iant. Heav'n put it in your mighty mind

Quickly to be,
More than to me,

To all the Valiant *Rhodians* kind.

And may you grieve to think how many mourn

Till you shall end their griefs at my return.

Soly. You shall not Languish with delay.

But this is bus'ness for the day.

'Tis now so late at Night that all Loves spies,

Parents and Husbands too,

The watchful, and the Watch seal up their Eyes;

And Lovers cease to woo.

[*Exeunt Haly, Ianthé.*]

Roxol. You alter ev'ry year the Worlds known face;

Whilst Cities you remove, and Nations chase.

These great mutations (which, with shrill

And ceaseless sounds, Fame's Trumpet fill,

And shall seem wonders in her brazen Books)

Much less amaze me than your alter'd looks;

Where I can read your Loves more fatal change.

Soly. You make my frowns, yet seem to think them strange.

Roxol. You seek a Stranger, and abandon me.

Soly. Strange Coasts are welcome after Storms at Sea.

Roxol. That various mind will wander very far,

Which, more than home, a foreign Land prefers.

Soly. The wise, for quietness, when civil War

Does rage at home, turn private Travelers.

Roxol. Your loves long frost has made my bosom cold.

Soly. Let not the cause be in your Story told.

Roxol. A colder heart Deaths hand has never felt:

But 'tis such Ice as you may break, or melt.----

[*She weeps.*]

Soly. I never shall complain

When you are wet with Rain,

Which softer passion doeth thus gently pour.

What more in Season is than such a shower?

M

You

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You still, through little Clouds, would lovely show,
Were all your *April*-weather calm as now.

But *March* resembles more your haughty Mind;
Froward and lowd oftner than calmly kind.

Weather which may not inconvenient prove
To Country Lovers, born but to make love:

Who grieve not when they mutual kindness doubt,

But with indiff'rence meet a frown or smile;

As having frequent leasure to fall out,

And their divided breasts to reconcile.

Roxol. The World had less sad bus'ness known, if you
Had been ordain'd for so much leasure too.

Soly. Monarchs, who onward still with Conquest move,
Can only for their short diversion love.

When a black Cloud in Beauties sky appears,
They cannot wait till Time the Tempest clears.

Whilst they to save a fullen Mistress, stay,
The worlds Dominion may be cast away.

Roxol. Why is Dominion priz'd above
Wise Natures great concernment, Love?

Soly. Of Heav'n what have we found, which we do more
And sooner, than exceeding Pow'r adore?

The wond'rous things which that Chief Pow'r has done,
Are to those early Spies, our Senses, shown:

And must at length to Reason be assur'd:

Yet how, or what, Heav'n loves is much obscur'd.

And our uncertain love

(Perhaps not bred above,

But in low Regions, like the wand'ring winds)

Shews different Sexes more than equal Minds.

Roxol. Your love, indeed, is prone to change,
And like the wandring Wind does range.

The gale awhile tow'rd *Cyprus* blew;

It turn'd to *Crete*, and stronger grew;

Then, on the *Lycian* shore it favour'd me:

But now, *Ianthe* seeks in *Sicily*.

Soly. In progresses of War and Love

Victors with equal haste must move:

And

And in attempts of either make no stay :

They can but Visit, Conquer, and away.

Roxol. Love's most Victorious and most cruel Foe !

Forfake me and to meaner Conquests go !

To Wars, where you may Sack and Over-run,

Till your Success has all the World undone.

Advance those Trophies which you ought to hide ;

For wherefore are they rais'd

But to have slaughter prais'd,

And courage, which is but applauded pride ?

Soly. In so much Rain I knew a Gust would come :

I'll shun the rising Storm and give it room.

Roxol. Loves Foes are ever hasty in Retreat ;

You can march off ; but 'tis for fear

Left you should hear

Those Mournings which your cruelties beget.

Soly. The fear is wise which you upbraid ;

For, whilst thus terrible you grow,

I must confess, I am afraid,

And not ashamed of being so.

Roxol. Go where you cover greater fear

Than that which you dissemble here :

Where you breed ill your mis-begotten Fame,

When charging Armies and assaulting Towns,

You ravish Nations with as little shame

As now you shew in your injurious frowns.

Soly. If we grow fearful at the face of War,

You, justly, may our terror blame,

Since, by your darings, we might learn to dare.

Would you as well could teach us shame.

Roxol. Your fears appear, even in your darings, great ;

You would not else sound cheerful Trumpets when

The charge begins, whilst Drums with Clamour beat,

To raise the courage of your mighty Men.

With Wars loud Musick shouts are mingled too ;

Which boastingly such cruel deeds proclaim

As Beasts, through thickest Furrs, would blush to do.

Your wives may breed up Wolves to teach you shame.

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Soly. 'Tis not still dang'rous when you angry grow :
 For, *Roxolana*, you can anger show
 To those whom you, perhaps, can never hate.
 This passion is ; but you have crimes of State.

Roxol. Call Nature to be Judge ! what have I done ?

Soly. You have a Husband lost to save a Son.

Roxol. Sultan, that Son is yours as much as mine.

Soly. He has some lustre got in Fight ;
 But yet, beyond the dawning light.

Of his new glory, *Mustapha* does shine ;
 Who is the Pledge of my Circasian Wife ;
 And from my blood as great a share of life
 May challenge as your Son. Has he not worn
 A Victors Wreath ? He is my Eldest born.

Roxol. Because her Son the Empire shall enjoy,
 Must therefore strangling Mutes my Sons destroy ?
 Since Eldest born you may him Empire give :
 But mine, as well as he, were born to Live.
 They may, as yours, though by a second Wife,
 Inherit that which Nature gave them, Life.

Soly. Whilst any Life I shew by any breath,
 Who dares approach them in the shape of Death ?

Roxol. When you to Heav'n's high Palace shall remove,
 To meet much more compassion there
 Than you have ever felt, and far more love
 Than e're your heart requited here ;

Will not your *Bassias* then presume to do.
 What custom warrants and our Priesthood too ?

Soly. Those are the secret Nerves of Empires force.
 Empire grows often high
 By rules of cruelty,
 But seldom prospers when it feels remorse.

Roxol. Accursed Empire ! got and bred by Art !
 Let Nature govern, or at least
 Divide our Mutual interest :

Yield yours to Death, and keep alive my part.

Soly. Beauty retire ! Thou dost my pity move !
 Believe my pity, and then trust my love ! ---- [Exit *Roxol.*

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At first I thought her by our Prophet sent
As a reward for Valours toils;
More worth than all my Fathers spoils:
And now, she is become my punishment.
But thou art just, O Pow'r Divine!
With new and painful Arts
Of study'd War I break the Hearts
Of half the World, and she breaks mine.

[Exit.]

The Scene is chang'd to a Prospect of *Rhodes* by night,
and the Grand Masters Palace on Fire.

The Fifth Act.

Enter *Solyman, Pirrhus, Rustan.*

Soly. **L**ook *Pirrhus*, Look! what means that sudden light,
Which casts a paleness o're the face of Night?
The Flame shews dreadful, and ascends still higher!
Pirrh. The *Rhodian* Masters Palace is on Fire!
Rust. A greater from Saint *Georges* Tower does shine!
Soly. Chance it would seem, but does import design!

Enter *Mustapha*:

Must. Their Flag of Treaty they have taken in!
Soly. Dare they this ending War again begin?
Pirrh. They feed their flames to light their forces out!
Rust. And now, seem sallying from the *French* Redoubt!
Must. Old *Orchan* takes already the Alarm!
Soly. Need they make fires to keep their Courage warm?
Pirrh. The *English* now advance!
Soly. Let them proceed!
Their Cross is bloody, and they come to bleed.
Set all the Turn-pikes open, let them in!
Those Island Gamesters may,

(Who)

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(Who desperately for honour play)
Behold fair stakes, and try what they can win. [Exeunt omnes.]

Enter *Villerius*, *Alphonso*, *Admiral*, *Marshal*.

Vill. Burn Palace, burn! Thy flame more beauteous grows
Whilst higher it ascends.

That now must serve to light us to our Foes
Which long has lodg'd our Friends.

Alph. It serves not only as a light
To guide us in so black a Night;

But to our Enemies will, terror give.

Mar. Who (seeing we so much destroy,
What we in triumph did enjoy,

That now we know not where to Live)
Will strait conclude that boldly we dare Dye.

Vill. And those, who to themselves lov'd life deny,
Want seldom Pow'r to aid their will
When they would others kill.

Adm. Speak both of killing and of saving too.
The utmost that our Valour now can do
Is when, by many Bassas, Pris'ners ta'ne,
We freedom for distrest *Ianthe* gain.

Alph. A Jewel too sufficient to redeem
Great *Solyman* were he in Chains with them.

Vill. Here spread our Front! Our Rear is all come forth.
We lead Two Thousand *Rhodian* Knights;
All skill'd in various Fights:

Fame's Roll contains no names of higher worth.
In whispers give command

To make a stand!

Adm. Stand!

Within. 1 Stand! 2 Stand! 3 Stand!

Vill. Divide our Knights, and all their Martial Train!

Alph. Let me by Storm the *Sultan's* Quarter gain.

Adm. My Lot directs my Wing to *Mustapha*.

Mar. To *Pirrhns*, o're his Trench, I'll force my way.

Vill. Our honour bids us give a brave defeat;

Whilst

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Whilst Prudence leaves Reserves for a Retreat.

All Lovers are concern'd in what we do.

Loves Crown depends on you, on you, and you.

Loves Bow is not so fatal as my Sword.

Alph. As mine.

Adm. And mine.

Together. *Ianthe* is the Word.

[*Exeunt.*

A Symphony expressing a Battel is play'd a while.

Enter Solyman.

Soly. **M**ORE Horse! more Horse, to shake their Ranks!

Bid *Orchan* haste to gaul their Flanks.

Few *Rhodian* Knights, making their several stands,

Out-strike Assemblies of our many Hands.

Enter Mustapha, Rustan.

Must. *Morat*, and Valiant *Zangiban* are slain.

Rust. But *Orchan* does their yielded ground regain.

Soly. Our Crescents shine not in the shade of Night.

But now the Crescent of the Sky appears;

Our valour rises with her lucky light;

And all our Fighters blush away their fears.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pirrhus. More Pikes! and pass the *French*! fall in! fall in!
That we may gain the day ere day begin.

Soly. Advance with all our Guards! This doubtful strife

Less grieves me than our odds

Of number against *Rhodes*;

By which we honour lose to rescue Life.

[*Exeunt.*

The Siege of RHODES.

A Symphony sounds a Battel again.

The Scene Returns to the Town Besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

Vill. Send back ! send back ! to quench our fatal fire !
SE're Morning does advance we must retire ;
Justly asham'd to let the days great Light
Shew what a little we have done to Night.

Enter Admiral.

Adm. We have been Shipwrackt in a Midnight storm ;
Who hither came (Great Master) to perform
Such deeds as might have given us cause to boast.

Mar. We found the Night too black,
And now no use can make
Of Day, but to discern that we are lost.

Vill. Can thy great Courage mention our defeat
Whilst any Life is left to make retreat ?

Adm. It is a just rebuke.

Vill. Where is the Duke ?

Adm. Long tir'd with Valour's toils, and in his Breast
O're charg'd with Lovers griefs, he sought for rest.
To Fames eternal Temple he is gone.

And I may fear

Is enter'd there,
Where Death does keep the narrow Gate,

And lets in none

But those whom painful Honour brings,

Many, without, in vain for entrance wait,

With warrants seal'd by mighty Kings.

Vill. Villerius never yet by Turkish Swords

Was cut so deep as by thy wounding words.

Is that great Youth, the Prince of Lovers, slain ?

Adm. Who knows how much of Life he does retain ?

Twice

The Siege of RHODES.

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Twice I reliev'd him from the double force
Of *Zangibans* old foot, and *Orchan's* Horse.
My strength was over-pow'rd; and he still bent
To follow Honour to the *Sultans* Tent.

Mar. *Alphonso's* Story has this sudden end:
Ianthe may a longer fate attend.

Vill. Of Lives chief hope we are bereft.
Go rally all whom Death has left.

Let our remaining Knights make good the Peer.

Our hearts will serve to beat,
Unheard, a stoln Retreat.

Adm. But shall we leave *Ianthe* Captive here?

Vill. I'll to our Temple force our way?

And there for her redemption pray:

Her freedom now depends on our return.

In Temples we shall nothing gain

From Heav'n, whilst we of loss complain:

Wee'l for our Crimes, not for our Losses, mourn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*.

Soly. Let us no more the *Rhodians* flight pursue;

Who since below our anger, need our care.

Compassion is to vanquish Valour due

Which was not cruel in successful War.

Pirrh. Our *Sultan* does his pow'r from Heav'n derive;

'Tis rais'd above the reach of humane force:

It could not else with soft compassion thrive:

For few are gain'd or mended by remorse.

The world is wicked grown, and wicked men

(Since jealous still of those whom they have harm'd)

Are but enabled to offend agen

When they are pardon'd and left arm'd.

Enter *Mustapha*, *Rustan*.

Must. The *Rhodians* will no more in Arms appear:

They now are lost before they lose their Town.

N

Rust.

The Siege of RHODES.

Rust. They may their Standards hide and Ensigns tear :
For what's the Body when the Soul is gone?

Must. The Pris'ner whom in doubtful fight we took
(Who long maintain'd the strife,
For freedom more than life)

Is young *Alphonso*, the *Sicilian* Duke.

Soly. Fortune could never find, if she had Eyes,
A Present for me which I more would prize. [Enter *Haly*.

Haly. Your Bosom-flave (the Creature which your pow'r
Has made in all the world the greatest Wife)

Did all this dang'rous Night kneel and implôre
That Heav'n would give you length of happy life,
In measure to your breadth of spreading Fame,
And to the height of *Ottomans* high name.

Soly. Tell *Roxolana* I esteem her love
So much that I her anger fear ;
And whilst with passion I the one approve,
The other I with temper bear.

Haly. She charg'd me not to undertake t' express
With how much grief her Eyes did melt
When she this Night your dangers felt ;
Nor how much joy she shew'd at your Success.
She hears that you have Pris'ner took

The bold *Sicilian* Duke :

And begs he may be strait at her dispose ;
That you may try how she can use your Foes.

Soly. This furious *Rhodian* Sally could not be
Provokt but by his Jealousie of me.

Must. He wanted Honour who could yours suspect.

Pirrh. The rash, by Jealousie, themselves detect.

Soly. His Jealousie shall meet with punishment.

Convey him strait to *Roxolana's* Tent.

[Exit *Pirrhus*.

But, *Haly*, know, the fair *Ianthe* must

Be safe, and free, who did my Honour trust.

You want no Mutes, nor can they want good skill
To torture or dispatch those whom they Kill.

But since this Duke's renown did spread and rise
(Who in attempt at Night

The Siege of RHODES.

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Has often scap'd my fight)
Take care that I may see him e're he dyes.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

The Scene returns to Roxolana's Pavilion.

Enter *Ianthe* in her Night Dress.

Iant. **I**N this Pavilion all have been alarm'd.
The Eunuchs, Mutes, and very Dwarfs were arm'd.
The *Rhodians* have a fatal Sally made;
And many now, to shun
The griefs of Love, are run
Through Nights dark walks to Death's detested shade.
An Eunuch lately cry'd, *Alphonso's* slain;
Now others change my grief,
And give some small relief,
By new report that he's but Pris'ner ta'ne.
Where, my afflicted Lord,
Is thy victorious Sword?
For now (though 'twas too weak to rescue thee)
It might successful grow
If thy triumphant Foe
Would make an end of Love by ending me.

Enter *Roxolana*.

Roxol. How fares my Rival, the *Sicilian* Flow'r?

Iant. As wet with Tears as Roses in a show'r.

Roxol. I brought you Presents when I saw you last.

Iant. Presents? If you have more,

Like those you brought before,

They come too late, unless they make great haste.

Roxol. Are you departing without taking leave?

The Siege of RHODES.

Iant. I would not you, nor can your Guards deceive.

Roxol. You'll pay a farewell to a civil Court?

Iant. Souls make their parting Ceremonies short.

Roxol. The Present which the *Sultan* sent before
(Who means to vex your bashfulness no more)

Was to your Lips, and that you did refuse:

But this is to your Ear. I bring you news.

Iant. I hear, my Lord and *Rhodes* have been to blame.

Roxol. It seems you keep intelligence with Fame:
Or with some frighted Eunuch, her swift Post;

Who often has from Camps to Cities brought
The dreadful News of Battls loste

Before the Field was fought.

Iant. Then I may hope this is a false alarm;
And *Rhodes* has neither done nor taken harm.

Roxol. You may believe *Alphonso* is not slain.

Iant. Blest Angel, speak! Nor is he Pris'ner ta'ne?

Roxol. He is a Pris'ner, and is given to me.

Iant. Angels are kind, I know you'll set him free.

Roxol. He has some Wounds, plac'd nobly in his Breast.

Iant. You soon take back the comfort you have given.

Roxol. They are not deep, and are securely drest.

Iant. Now you are good agen! O heal them Heav'n!

Roxol. In Heav'n, *Ianthe*, he may mercy find,
He must go thither, and leave you behind.

Iant. I hope, I shall discern your looks less strange;
And your expressions not so full of change-----

Roxol. Weep'st thou for him, whose sawcy Jealousie
Durst think the *Sultan* could be false to me?

Iant. Though his offence makes him unfit to live,
I hope it is no crime in me to grieve.

Roxol. Soft Fool! bred up in narrow Western Courts;
Which are by Subjects storm'd like Paper-Ports:

Italian Courts, fair Inns for forein Posts
Where little Princes are but civil Hosts.

Think'st thou that she, who does wide Empire sway,

Can breed such storms as Lovers show'rs allay?

Can half the World be govern'd by a Mind

That shews Domestick pity, and grows kind?

Iant.

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Iant. Where are those virtuous Vows you lately seal'd?

Roxol. I did enjoyn they should not be reveal'd.

Iant. But could you mean they should be broken too?

Roxol. Those Seals were counterfeit, and pass

For nothing, since my Sealing was

But to a Christian when I seal'd to you.

Iant. Seal'd by your pretious Lips? What is so sure
As that which makes the *sultan's* heart secure?

You to Religion many Temples reere;

Justice may find one Lodging in your breast.

Roxol. Religion is but publique fashion here;

And Justice is but private interest.

Nature our Sex does to revenge incite;

And int'rest counsels us to keep our own.

Were you not sent to rule with me at Night?

Love is as shy of Partners as the Throne.

Haly, prepare the Pris'ner; he must Dye.

[Enter *Haly*.

Iant. If any has offended, it is I. -----

O think! think upward on the Thrones above.

Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love.

If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,

This wretched world could not subsist an how'r.

Excuse his innocence; and seize my life!

Can you mistake the Husband for the Wife?

Roxol. Are Christian Wives, so true, and wondrous kind?

*Iant*he, you can never change my Mind:

For I did ever mean to keep my Vow:

Which I renew, and seal it faster now.-----

[Kisses her.

The *sultan* frankly gave thy Lord to me;

And I as freely render him to thee.

Iant. To all the World be all your Virtues known
More than the Triumphs of your *sultans* Throne.

Roxol. Send in her Lord, to calm her troubled Breast.

{ Exeunt *Roxolana*,
 Haly, several ways.

Iant. Now his departing life may stay;

But he has Wounds. Yet she did say

They were not deep; and are securely Drest.

The Siege of RHODES.

Enter *Haly*, *Alphonso*, his Arms bound.

Haly. Fate holds your Dice ; and here expect the Cast.
Your chance, if it be bad, will soon be past.

[Exit.

Alph. My doom contains not much diversity.
To live, to dye, to be a slave, or free ?
Death sums up all ! by Dying we remove
From all the frowns of Pow'r, and griefs of Love.

Ianthe, are you here ?

I will dismiss my fear.

Deaths dreaded Journey I

Have ended e're I Dye.

Death does to Heav'n the virtuous lead ;

Which I enjoy e're I am Dead.

For it is Heav'n to me where e're thou art,

And those who meet in Heav'n shall never part.

Iant. Stay, stay, *Alphonso* ! you proceed too fast ;

For I am chang'd since you beheld me last.

In *Rhodes* I wholly did my self resign

To serve your pow'r, but you are now in mine.

And that you may perceive how soon I can

Melt the Obdurate heart of *Solyman* ;

Let this confirm your restless Jealousie :

You came in bound, and thus I make you free.--- [Unbinds him.

Alph. By this, *Ianthe*, you express no more

Dominion o're me than you had before.

In *Rhodes* I was a Subject to your will :

Your smiles preserv'd me, and your frowns did Kill.

Iant. I know your Tongue too well ; which should deceive,

One who had Study'd all the Art

Of Love rather than her whose heart

Too simply would your very looks believe.

But now you know, that though you are unbound,

Yet still your walk is on the *Sultans* ground.

Alph. *Ianthe*, you are chang'd indeed

If, cruelly, you thus proceed.

Iant. In tracing humane Story we shall find

The

The cruel more successful than the kind.
 Whilst you are here submitted to my sway,
 It safe discretion were to make you pay
 For all those Sighs and Tears my Heart and Eyes
 Have lost to make you lose your Jealousies.
 But I was bred in Natures simple School;

And am but Loves great Fool,
 With whom you rudely play,
 And strike me hard, then stroke the pain away.-----
 How are your Wounds? I hope you find them slight?

Alph. They scarce will need the rip'ning of a Night:

Unless, severe *Ianthe*, you
 By chiding me, their pains renew.

Iant. Was it not Jealousie which brought you here?

Alph. It was my Love, conducted by my fear.
 Fear of your safety, not of virtue, made
 The *Rhodians*, by surprize, this Camp invade.
 In hope, by bringing home great Pris'ners, we
 Might set the *Rhodians* greater Mistress free.

Iant. The safety of *Ianthe* was not worth
 That courage which mis-led the *Rhodians* forth.
 The Worlds Contagion, Vice, could ne'r infect
 The *Sultans* Heart: but when you did suspect
 His favours were too great for me to take,
 You then, *Alphonso*, did unkindly make
 My merit small; as if you knew
 There was to that but little due.

Or if he wicked were,
 What danger could you fear?
 Since Virtues force all vicious pow'r controles.
Lucrece a Ponyard found, and *Porcia* Coals.

Alph. How low to your high virtue shall I fall?

Iant. What chance attended in this fatal Night
 The *Master*, *Marshal*, and the *Admiral*?

Alph. I lost them in the thickest Mist of Fight.
 Yet did from *Haly* this short comfort get
 That they to *Rhodes* have made a brave Retreat.
 As Love's great Champions we must them adore.

Iant.

Iant. Bewell, *Alphonso*, I will chide no more.

Enter *Solyman*, *Roxolana*, *Mustapha*, *Pirrhus*, *Haly*,
Rustan.

Soly. *Haly*, I did declare that I would see
The jealous Pris'ner e're he Dy'd.

Roxol. Look there! you are obey'd. Yet pardon me
Who, e're you pardon'd him, did make him free.

Soly. In this I have your virtue try'd.
If *Roxolana* thus revengeless proves
To him whom such a beauteous Rival loves,
It does denote she Rivals can endure,
Yet think she still is of my heart secure.
Duke, this Example of her trust may be
A cure for your distrustful thoughts of me.
You may imbarck for the *Sicilian* Coast;
And there possess your Wife when *Rhodes* is lost.

Alph. Since freedom, which is more than Life, you give
To him, who durst not ask you leave to Live;
I cannot doubt your bounty when I crave
That, granting freedom, you will Honour save.
My honour I shall lose, unless I share
In *Rhodes*; the *Rhodians* worst effects of War.
To *Sicily* let chaste *Iant* steer;
And sing long Stories of your virtue there:
Whilst, by your mercy sent, to *Rhodes* I go,
To be in *Rhodes* your Suppliant, not your Foe.

Iant. *Alphonso*, I have honour too;
Which calls me back to *Rhodes* with you.
Were this, through tenderness, by you deny'd
For soft concerns of Life,
Yet gracious *Solyman* will ne'r divide
The Husband from the Wife.

Soly. Both may to *Rhodes* return: But it is just
That you, who nobly did my honour trust,
(Without my Pass, or plighted Word)
Should more by your advent'rous visit get

Than

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Than Empires int'rest would afford,
Or you expected when you came to Treat.

Go back *Ianthe* ; make your own
Conditions boldly for the Town.

I am content it should recorded be,
That, when I vanquisht *Rhodes*, you Conquer'd me.

Iant. Not Fames free Voice, nor lasting Numbers can
Disperse, or keep, enough of *Solyman*.

Soly. From Lovers Beds, and Thrones of Monarchs, fly
Thou ever waking Madness, Jealousie.

And still, to Natures Darling, Love
(That all the World may happy prove)

Let Giant-Virtue be the watchful Guard,
Honour, the cautious Guide, and sure reward :
Honour, adorn'd in such a Poets Song

As may prescribe to Fame

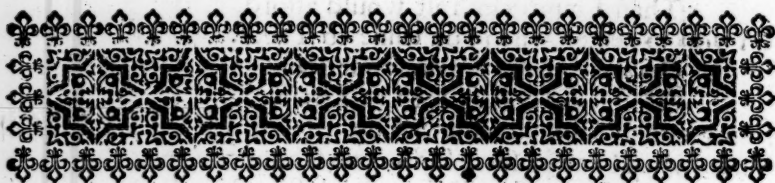
What loyal Lovers name

Shall far be spread, and shall continue long.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

N

EPI-



EPILOGUE.

THough, bashfully, we fear to give offence ;
Yet, pray allow our Poet confidence.

He has the priv'lege of old Servants got ;
Who are conniv'd at, and have leave to Doat ;
To boast past service, and be chol'rique too,
Till they believe at last that all they do
Does far above their Masters Judgments grow :
Much like to theirs, is his presumption now.
For free, assur'd, and bold his Brow appears,
Because, he serv'd your Fathers many years.
He says he pleas'd them too, but he may find,
You Wits, not of your Duller-Fathers mind.
Which, well consider'd Mistress Muse will then
Wish for her old Gallants at Fri'rs agen ;

Rather

*Rather than be by those neglected here,
Whose Fathers civilly did Court her there.
But as old Mistresses, who meet disdain,
Forbear through Pride, or Prudence, to complain ;
And satisfy their hearts, when they are sad,
With thoughts of former Lovers they have had :
Even so poor Madam-Muse this night must bear,
With equal pulse, the fits of hope and fear ;
And never will against your Passion strive :
But, being old, and therefore Narrative,
Comfort herself with telling Tales, too long,
Of many Plaudits had when she was young.*

FINIS.